

Senator John T. Morgan on "Our Duty in the Present Crisis."

America as an Island Empire?

Maude Adams's "Little Minister."

January

POEM BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

VERDI'S GREETING TO AMERICANS.

THE HOUSIER POET AT HIS OLD HOME.

SIX SHORT STORIES.

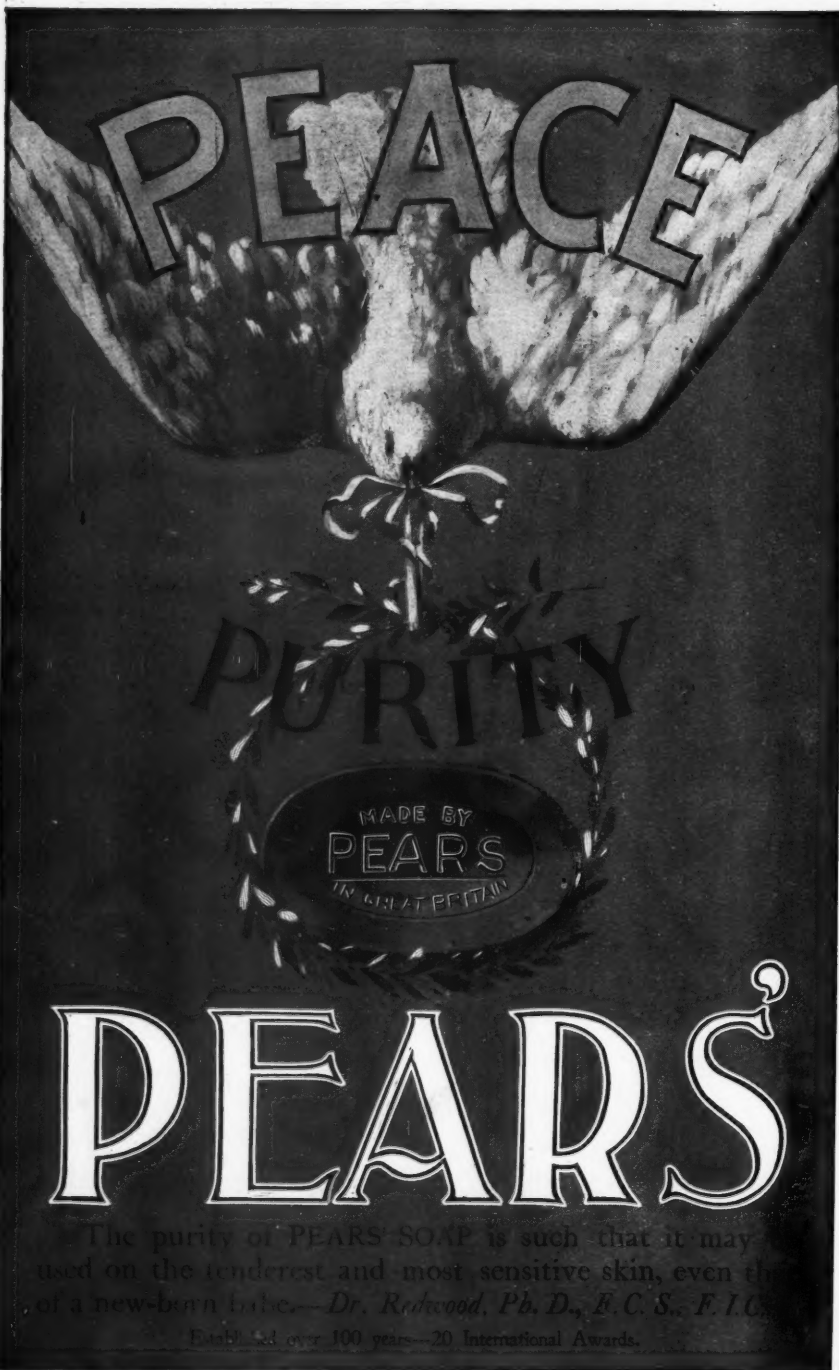
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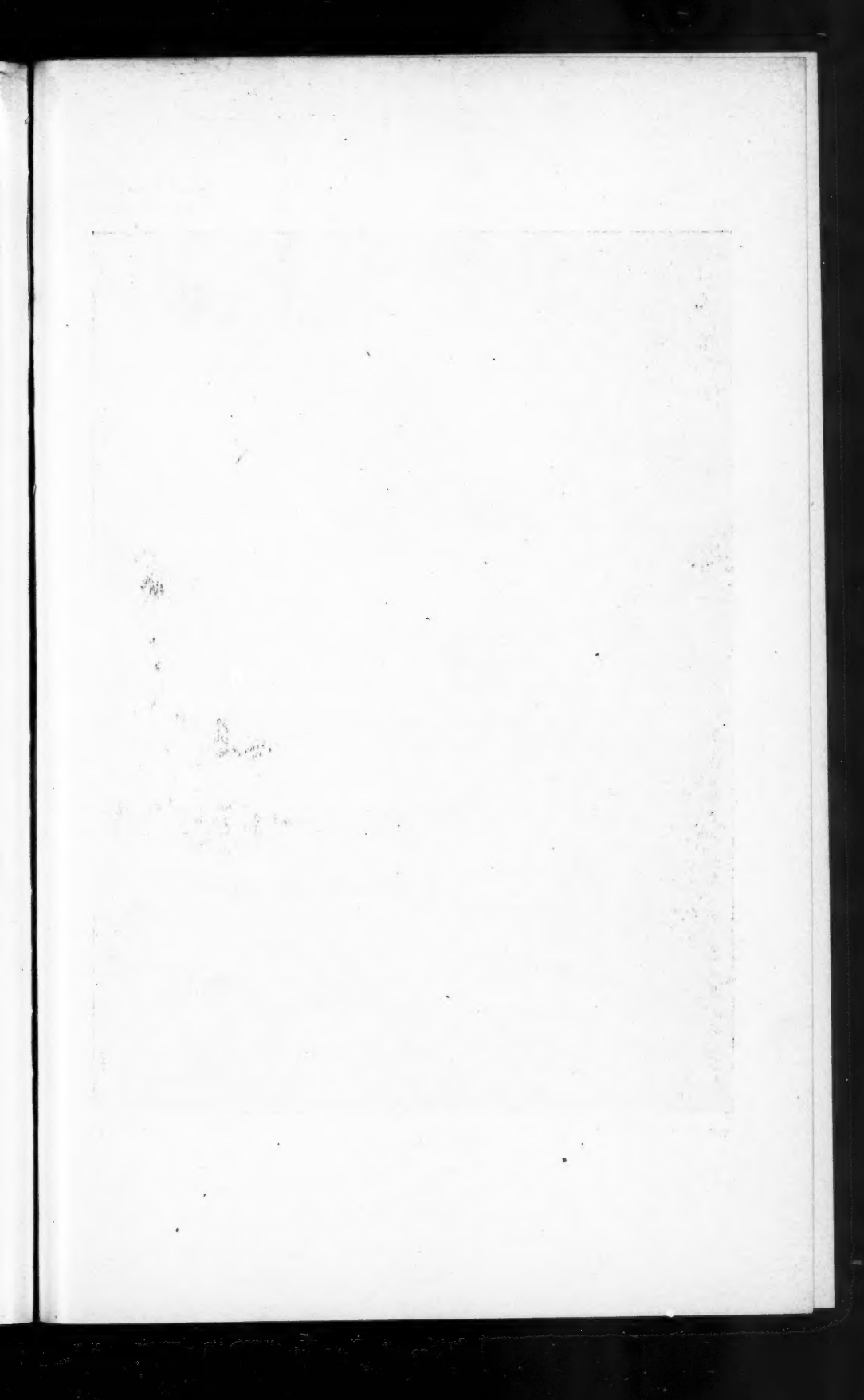
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DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE.

"THE HARPS SONG."

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

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THE HARP'S SONG

ALL day, all day in a calm like death
The harp hung waiting the sea wind's breath.

When the western sky flushed red with shame
At the sun's bold kiss, the sea wind came.

Said the harp to the breeze, oh, breathe as soft
As the ring dove coos from it's nest aloft.

I am full of a song that Mothers croon
When their wee ones tire of their play at noon.

Though a harp may feel 'tis a silent thing
Till the breeze arises and bids it sing.

Said the wind to the harp, Nay, sing for me
The wail of the dead that are lost at sea.

I caught their cry as I came along
And I hurried to find you and teach you the song.

Oh, the heart is the harp, and love is the breeze,
And the song is ever what love may please.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



GARCIA AND CASTILLO—CUBAN PATRIOTS.

AMERICA AS AN ISLAND EMPIRE?

BY PETER MAC QUEEN, M. A.

"And it says to them, Kinsmen, hail.
We severed have been too long;
Now, let us have done with a wornout tale,
A tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth
last,
And be stronger than death is strong.

"Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose;
And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with
these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war-wind blows."
Voice of the West. —Alfred Austin.

KIPLING thinks it is a heathen heart that puts its trust in "recking tube or iron shard." This is assuredly the American position in our relations with Spain. Moral power is the master force of American civilization.

From first to last, this has been a humane war. There is a tendency to-day among belated sentimentalists to carp at the government and at the people who have engaged in a great war to free the fallen and lift up humanity. Men do not see the shining destiny of America. The

stars and stripes, whose white and crimson have been the hope of all oppressed nations, have become to some of our fellow-citizens only so much bunting. It is sad to think that any American can talk of America as a sordid, rapacious power, when he ought to know what lives the American ideal has influenced, what deeds it has inspired.

I remember one night in the trenches in Santiago a Spaniard came into the tent where I was staying with Capt. Llewelyn of the Rough Riders. He was a pale faced,

gentlemanly little man, accompanied by a dog, a beautiful fox terrier. There were in the tent at that time the Captain, Lieut. Greenway, Chaplain Brown and myself. As darkness came on, the Spaniard could not pass our lines, and so Llewelyn gave the man a blanket and half of my dinner, which I had not been able to finish. As the little brown Spaniard lay down at our feet to sleep, the Lieutenant pulled out a revolver, put it under his head and remarked: "Darned if the old Captain, with his blamed mistaken hospitality, won't get this camp filled up with those bloody Spaniards, and we'll all be massacred." I lay awake most of the night to try and save the stranger, if need were; for I felt that if he even moved, the Lieutenant would put daylight through him before morning. The Don was all right, and did not stir till dawn.

This incident of Llewelyn was characteristic of the way in which the Americans were using their grand victory of San Juan and Caney. Victors and vanquished

were tented together after the surrender, and they seemed more like brothers-in-arms than bitter foes.

It soon became evident to the Spaniards that our men had been terribly misrepresented to them. In fact, Gen. Shafter sent the Spanish wounded, all carefully treated, into Santiago, to sow seeds of discontent among the soldiers of Toral when they should behold how humane and magnanimous were their conquerors. Toral also saw that our citizen soldiery outmatched his own as much as the dynamite gun of Hal Barrowe excelled the antiquated cannon of the Morro. On the day of the surrender, Gen. Lawton told me Gen. Toral had assured him that the brilliant work of our army against some of the best troops in Europe was something never dreamed of, even by the greatest military leaders of the world.

And now the splendid victories by land and sea—which neither the defeats nor victories of the future can dim—are being sneered at by haggling critics; and men of



"THE VICTORS"—DYNAMITE GUN OF 1898.

influence are urging that this nation cannot expand, forgetting that, as a nation, we have been expansionists from the day of our birth. When England snarled out that we could have our freedom, and be hanged to us, we were a struggling colony of three million souls on a precarious fringe of rockbound coast. Our country inherited the wrecks of revolutions.



IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE FRONT.

Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of old-world tyrannies; above its head wild savages of the new world, in full cry, lifted their scalping knives. The exhausted nation was sweating under three hundred millions of debt from the war of its independence. All the world laughed at our

first attempt to walk. I have heard in Great Britain, until within fifteen years, that the American Republic was only an experiment. Now we know that it is a success. In ten years we shall enter with our manufactures all the markets of the East; and in twenty-five years we shall be the foremost nation on the globe. This is not said in any boastful spirit; it is simply a recognition of the way events tend.

It is all very well for Senator Hoar to denounce the expansion of our country to the islands of the seas; but he must remember that in his young days our country was expanding over a great continent. He enjoyed the grand exhilaration of that expanding era. He was born in 1826. At that time we were ten million souls. Since Senator Hoar was born, we have increased our population seven-fold, and added one million and a half square miles to our national domain, while the area of our inhabited territory has quadrupled.

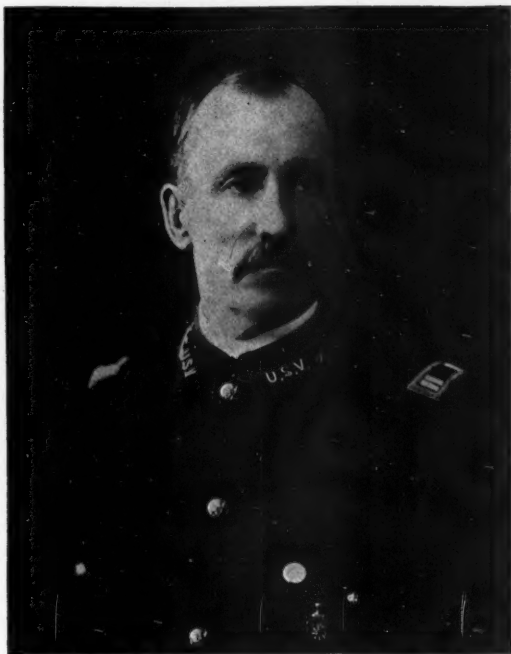
No one can doubt the nobility of Senator Hoar's purposes; but there are men with little of his ability who defame America in the present crisis. Ex-Minister Hannis Taylor declares that the arrangement of our commissioners at Paris is "a vast ravishment." This seems strange talk for an American minister. Mr. Taylor has recently been quoted by a Boston paper as saying that the war has cost us \$165,000,000, and that Porto Rico is worth almost twice that sum. How Porto Rico is going to yield us, in any reasonable time, twice that amount it would be hard to see. When I visited twelve towns on the island in the fall I could not find one good school anywhere. At Coamo, Monsieur Amy, a French Porto Rican, told me he rejoiced in the hope that he could get his two grandsons educated in the American schools which he heard would soon be established there. In Adjuntas Dr. Rios, a Spaniard, assured me that the poor of the island have no physicians and no medicines. Doña Julia Lulè Vuida de Roig, No. 19 Royal Street, Port of Ponce, is my authority for the fact that her four little girls could none of them get any kind of education in the native schools. When I visited Guayama I stopped a boy on the street and bought his school books from him. They were

three in number; one was a geography, a pretty good one. The others were treatises on religion and superstition. This one item of schools will cost millions if we do our duty by Porto Rico. Then the water supplies, sanitation, and other necessary improvements, will use up the revenues of the island for years to come. Porto Rico, thickly settled as Massachusetts, has a poor and honest people. In the cabins in which most of the people live few silks and diamonds will be found. But the island will be greatly improved by the introduction of American civilization; and incidentally it will give us command of the Nicaragua canal, and a chance to shape the trade of the West Indies.

There are men who go farther than Minister Taylor, and who have less reason than he and less probity than Senator Hoar. And here comes Mr. Andrew Carnegie with his act one and act two, suggesting rather asserting that our President and the cabinet are hardly to be trusted.

"Is he who told Congress 'forcible acquisition is criminal aggression' to become the greatest criminal aggressor of all, and pass into history, to be pilloried there, the first American President so to pass as foul with dishonor?"

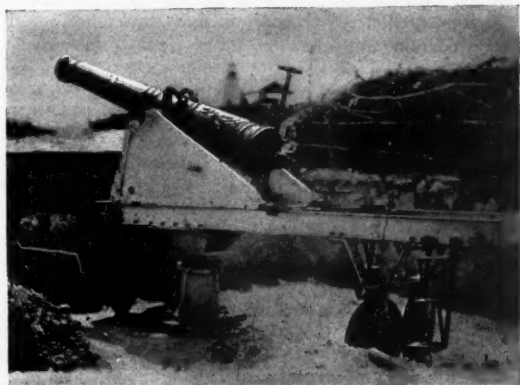
"May the evil spirits fail which tempt men and nations to tread the degrading path of shame, and may the good gods prevail which hold holy guard over men and nations to keep them in the narrow path of honor, that the great republic to which men of other lands have hitherto looked for



CAPT. W. H. H. LLEWELYN, TROOP G. ROUGH RIDERS.

high example may not be disgraced, and that her sons may find in her history no page which brings the blush of shame to their cheeks."

Mr. Carnegie need have no fear that any American President will write a page that will bring dishonor to the people. If his



"THE VANQUISHED"—GUN OF 1737.

own action at Homestead, in arming Frick and his men with rifles to shoot down, not Malays, but Saxons, like dogs; if his art of hiring poor women at ninety cents a day to do work that only strong men should do—if these things will not make the spot of shame grow red on American cheeks, Mr. Carnegie may rest assured that nothing that William McKinley will authorize will do it.

America is surely drifting on to an island empire and a world power. Cuba and the Philippines not only need to be freed, but to be taught how to wisely use freedom. Of Aguinaldo's acts we all know. When Miles took Ponce, the inhabitants brought him a dozen trembling Spaniards, and asked them to be kind enough to cut their throats. In Iloilo, two tribes are at war with each other already. These Philippine islands will be a menace if we leave them to Spain or to themselves. The 'open door' policy, that will bring the manufactures of New England to the front door of China, requires that we have many and strong outposts to protect that commerce. The islands themselves have never been thoroughly explored. It is believed that gold and coal exist in large and paying quantities. In the centre of Mindanao are tribes of dwarfs, it is said, and little tree-men, who talk by clapping their hands. It is hinted that some of them are cannibals. The flora and fauna are said to be most wonderful and interesting—here the beat of golden pinions, there the flash of crimson wings. We do not yet know. It may be the country Ponce de Leon looked for, and may contain the fountains of perpetual youth.

Spanish republics are an abomination and a seething scum. We cannot safely, at the present, make either Cuba or the Philippines into independent republics. If we do, we will be flying in the face of history. All our former acquisitions were made in the front of a most determined opposition. Great prophets there were announcing woes around the birthplace of all our new territory. We went on adding land to land, and in every single case it was better for the land, as well as for us. With the death of Garcia, a Cuban republic joins the *hoi polloi* of might-have-beens.

When the splendid regulars and the splendid Rough Riders stormed San Juan Hill, an English attaché, Capt. Paget, pulled out his watch, threw up his hat, and cried out: "It's only half-past one, and our boys have got the hill." That really marked a new era in human history. It shows the bringing back of the mother country to her senses. There is no doubt that Great Britain sincerely desires our friendship. She may have selfish motives; but every nation must have some self-love to keep its enthusiasm at white heat. I came from Great Britain when a boy. I had been six years in a British school. But I longed for America, and loved it better than Britain ever since I was a child. I came to this country, and entered the public school here. I was an enthusiast on the American question, as being a proselyte. In the British school I was taught that America was a vast, new, heroic Britain over again, with all the bad points of Britain left out and all the good points of Scotland led on to their finest fruitage. When I went to school in America, I was taught that England was a mean, contemptible power, reaping where she had not sown—the hereditary enemy of America. And it became my chiefest joy to think we sometime would have a war with England, and I would carry a rifle, and show her how little America feared her. I hated England, and wished for her overthrow. When Cleveland issued his famous message I could not sleep soundly at night for thinking that now *revanche* was near. I made jokes at the expense of England, and hated her violently up till the declaration of war against Spain.

Since then Great Britain has certainly been very fair to us. It must be becoming evident to all, on both sides of the water, that in the hands of England and America to-day lies the hope and fortune of the world. I hate and abominate England's methods in our War of Independence; I loathe and detest her attitude in the Civil War; I heartily rejoice in the Alabama claims. But I think, all things considered, now we are coming to a better understanding, and an *entete Cordial* will be good for both nations, as well as for the world. Saxon civilization means free lips, free homes,



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED TENTED TOGETHER AFTER THE SURRENDER.

free schools, and a free career to every human child. It is the boast of England that she never recedes from land. But that is more true of America. In the Hawaiian Islands America for the first time faced England as a colonizer, and beat her. We need the trade of China and Australia. The islands of the Pacific will give us the key to the situation. The mills of Massachusetts have too often been shut down in the last few years. We will send our Yankee notions to the farthest bounds of space.

There is a part of the press of New England that seems afflicted with atrophy of the loco-motor nerve. One Boston paper, from which we usually get some of the best ideas, has been distinguishing itself by denouncing the American Constitution as a thing of shreds and patches. It comes dangerously near disloyalty, not to say treason, to talk of that grandest of all human instruments as if it were some ukase of Czar or edict of cruel Sultan. Undoubtedly, some of our fossilized newspapers

belong in Cochin-China, and are interesting to the young men of to-day only as specimens from the museum of thought, and as representing in the West what China represents in the East—samples of “arrested development.”

We cannot allow last century orators, however brilliant, or archaic newspapers, however respectable, to shape the grand and growing power of the United States. Englishmen and Americans are awaking to the might of their untried thews. To-day they see the trade and war of the world regulated by the men who read Shakespeare in the original, and the Bible in the King James version. Soon America will be the head of the Saxons, and the greatest world power. With her old mother she will write a message to mankind—

“A message for bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake.

And his menace be void and vain.
For we are lords of a strong young land,
And they are lords of the main.”





TO LADY BABBIE

Ah Babbie! Lady Babbie! with your artless, gentle art,
Your piquant grace and roguish glance, your loving, guile-
less heart;
Merriment's impersonation thou, and Love's, I swear!
The fairest flow'r that blooms can scarce with thy sweet
face compare.

Of days forever gone thou 'mindest me; of love, and each
Fond dream, and bravest hope. "The man for you!" who
hear that speech
A searching introspection instantly begin,—and end!
That any mortal thus should'st deem himself, the Lord
forfend!

Again upon the cottage table with housewifely air
And dainty grace, as tho' for royal feast, the frugal fare
Thou settest forth, with ceremony and presumption fine,
Not mine, nor Parson Gavin's heart alone, but all are thine!

And at the wishing-well when little Micah, tearfu' eyed,
Asked thee to go, and for thy girlish prank did'st sorely
chide;

Poor tired girl! The "schemes o' mice an' men gang aft
a-gley."
I knew thy love for him, thy heavy heart,—I cried with thee.

Some talk in Kirk there was that Gavin did thee kiss:
In vain I waited for that consummation not amiss!
How could'st en "edicated" Gavin mortify the flesh,—
And Babbie's cheeks! and lips so red, and pouting sweet,
and fresh!

But I have seen thy smile, and heard thy song, and seen
thee weep;
And I have prayed my God thy sweet and fair young soul
to keep
And am content,—my love for thee most honestly con-
fessing;—
To have thee alway near were quite too great an earthly
blessing.

Arthur Kempton Lane



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"HER BOY AM I."

'THE "LITTLE MINISTER" OF MAUDE ADAMS

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL



It is one thing to write a successful book; it is quite another to make of it a successful play. At least Mr. Barrie found this to be the case when, something like two years ago he was approached by Mr. Charles Frohman of New York and asked to dramatize "The Little Minister." Mr. Frohman had, of course, previously read the book, and with that keen insight as to what contains the promise of a stage success, he instantly recognized in Mr. Barrie's story the making of a rare play. He believed the character of the gypsy Babbie so human, and the episodes of the Little Minister's love for Babbie so intense and so strong, that a dramatic result was possible. He also perceived that the book contained a truly fine sentiment,—that *motif* in which so many of the plays of to-day are absolutely lacking,—the honest love of a

man for a woman and the sacrifices which he ever stands ready to make for her.

With his conviction that fine sentiments are always the strongest factors of a successful play, Mr. Frohman approached Mr. Barrie with the request that he make a dramatization of "The Little Minister" for him. A contract was made by which the author was to receive a royalty on the gross receipts of each performance; also a stipulated sum before he went to work. This was the beginning of the transaction; the accomplishment of the end was by no means so easy a matter. Mr. Barrie, after giving the book thought for several months, concluded that he was unable to make a dramatization, and consequently proposed to return the stipulation to Mr. Frohman. This was met by the unhesitating request that he keep the money and continue at work, and if he felt in the end that he could not make a play of the book, he might use the money

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advanced on some other play to be written by him.

Some time after this, in the interest of English authors, with reference to their American copyrights, Mr. Barrie visited the United States; and while in New York he chanced at the Empire Theatre to witness Miss Maude Adams's performance in "Rosemary." The next day Mr. Barrie called on Mr. Frohman and told him that he had found his Lady Babbie in Maude Adams. He was certain that if Mr. Frohman would agree to let Miss Adams take the part, he might be able to make a play of the book, and would again attempt it on his return to England. This he did, and how well he succeeded the world by this time very well knows.

But the effort was by no means an easy one, as has been stated. To convert a popular novel into a play of equal merit, clear in motive and well defined in action, is always a task that calls for a master hand. It is all the harder when the adapter is the novelist himself, for there is so much that he is likely to take for granted in compressing a narrative of many chapters into the shorter compass of four acts. Mr. Barrie, from the very start, was hampered by a mass of material in his book that was undramatic in every respect. To have made a play out of the book as it stood would have required a prohibitive number of incidents and an accumulation of scenery that was unmanageable. It is possible that Wagner, with his genius for creating stupendous and extraordinary effects, might have approached a degree of reality in representing that tragic scene of the flood, with the Little Minister on the verge of immediate death, speaking calmly to his congregation in that supreme crisis, but such a creation was not in accordance with the sort of a play Mr. Barrie felt himself capable of attempting. So there was much in the book that had to be eliminated.

The next incident relative to the subject was when Mr. Frohman, having received the manuscript from Mr. Barrie, read it to Miss Adams at her residence, 61 West Thirty-sixth street, New York. Work was immediately begun on the play, and by the latter part of July, 1897, Mr. Frohman had completed the cast of "The Little Min-

ister." The rehearsals began the first week of August, and continued up to the opening night, in September, in all about thirty rehearsals, including two dress ones.

Even at this stage of the preparations, Miss Adams's enthusiasm for the part and the charm with which she impersonated it had so laid hold on all interested that, as the doorkeeper of the theatre put it, "everyone from the 'old man' down to the humblest scene-shifter was ready to work his fingers off for the 'little girl.'"

The final rehearsal was given at the Lafayette Square Theatre, Washington, on the Sunday night previous to the opening. The weather was so hot at the time it was called that the rehearsal had to be postponed until late in the evening. The next evening Miss Adams made her first appearance in the role with which she has since conquered the theatre-going public. In the face of the terrible heat she succeeded in carrying her audience with her and scoring a pronounced success.

From Washington Miss Adams went to New York, and opening there on the evening of September 27, she played "The Little Minister" three hundred times at the Empire and Garrett Theatres, stopping only in the middle of the next June, owing to the extraordinary heat and the necessity for rest. It was a phenomenal record for New York in these days when "its taste runs more to hothouse grapes and lobsters that change color as they die on the broiler, to singing girls and piano players, and cynic versé of Ibsen"—to anything rather than the seriously good.

On the occasion of her three hundredth performance in New York, the scenes of enthusiasm surpassed anything that had ever been known, even at the Metropolitan Opera House, where audiences have gone frantic over the world's great singers. Miss Adams was called and recalled, until her audience insisted upon her speaking to them from the stage,—something which frightened her so that she rushed trembling to her dressing room. From this retreat she was finally dragged, almost by main force, to the footlights, and with one terror-stricken word of "Thanks," bowed, smiled and vanished. It was at the time considered a most remarkable scene for a

New York theatre, but withal a most singularly impressive one. It was, however, discounted later on the event of Miss Adams's last performance at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, after a successful engagement of two months. In recognition of the occasion the theatre had been pro-

Outside of New York, Washington and Boston Miss Adams has given "The Little Minister," up to the present writing, two nights in Troy, two in Syracuse, two in Rochester, three in Buffalo, one in Bridgeport, two in New Haven, four performances in Hartford, two in one day in



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"WE'RE JUST TO STAND AND SERVE HIM."

fusely decorated, and those in authority made several very graceful tributes to the personality of the little actress. At the close of the performance she received *thirty-four calls*, and the same scene of enthusiasm which greeted her three hundredth performance in New York was repeated, even to her rushing to the dressing room and being compelled to again make her address of one word, "Thanks!"

Springfield, Mass., and eight performances in five days in Providence.

On Monday, November 28, Miss Adams was to open in the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, for a run of three weeks, but when that evening arrived Miss Adams failed to appear. She had been caught in that great November storm, and was snow-bound for forty hours in her car just outside of New London. A large theatre party

of 260 persons had secured seats for her opening night in Brooklyn, but it was absolutely impossible for her to reach there in time to respond to her cue. A telegram was sent to her by Mr. Frohman to her car, which was supposed to be humorous, saying that "the large theatre party has decided to do without you for to-night." Miss Adams's reply was thoroughly characteristic—"It is all very well for that large theatre party to do without us, but it is very hard for us to do without them. This is a nice trick! With a small shovel and a tin pail I know I could have cleared the track!" It is worth remarking at this point that this is the only night she has ever missed during her "The Little Minister" engagement, having played Lady Babbie up to the present time about 450 times, without any intervening role.

A fit feature of Miss Adams's performances that is most delightful is Mr. Furst's music. By some happy chance he has conceived a quaint and fascinating theme that is harmonious to a degree with one's interpretation and appreciation of the play itself. As an undertone of sound, it runs, like the 'Swan Song' in "Lohengrin" throughout the entire play, giving a subtle unity to the whole.

Mr. Barrie has never seen the performance of the play as given by Miss Adams in America, although he has seen it as presented in London, where it was given after its American success. Mr. Barrie intended to come to the United States and visit Boston to witness Miss Adams's performance, but owing to personal matters at home, he was obliged to alter his plans. It might be of passing interest here to mention the fact that Mr. Barrie's average in America in royalties has been \$1,000 per week, or approximately \$57,000 to date.

On the other side of the water "The Little Minister" was first produced in London on the evening of November 6, 1897, at the Haymarket Theatre, eight weeks after Miss Adams's production of the play in America. It has not as yet been played on the continent, but has been given throughout the provinces of England. The London run was excelled by Miss Adams in New York. In London, with about eight million people to draw from, only about 250 performances

were given, while in New York, with two million to draw from, Miss Adams's run reached the unusual limit of 300 performances, and could easily have been played five or six months longer in that city.

An interesting fact is that "The Little Minister" has been played in Kirriemur, which is to say Thrums, Scotland, where the scenes of the book, and consequently of the play, are supposed to have been laid. The people of the locality were naturally very anxious to see it, but it is amusing to learn that after the production of the play, it was pronounced a caricature upon the people. This is ever the difference between seeing "oursil's as ithers see us" and seeing ourselves introspectively.

In the audience of that performance at Thrums was an Auld Licht elder, and this is the criticism which he is reported to have made on the book and the play for the edification of a "Glasgow News" man:

"A caricature, sir," he remarked, "a gross caricature. As a work o' art it has great defecks—wha for instance ever heard o' or saw a wumman like Babbie? The thing's rideeculous. But it's wi' the releegious aspects—such as the elders—that I fin' fault. The elders are a caricature, overdrawn, and can dae nae guid. Jokey buddies, I admit, and fell smairt wi' their tongues, but no becomin' as releegious offeeshials."

The newspaper man asked: "Were there many of your denomination present?"

"Na, no likely; I saw ithers twa."

"And what do you think of the piece as a whole?"

"Oh, verra guid, but the releegious aspecks—weel, ye've heard ma views. Fouk tell me Mr. Barrie's done a lot for Thrums, but in view o' this thing, man, a'm dootin't, a'm dootin't. In ane o' his books he maks Auld Licht elders sweer; a'm thinkin' if the real Auld Licht elders cud rise frae their graves an' see 'The Little Minister' that wad mak' them sweer. Na, na, it micht dae wi' young fouk wi' nae true regard for speiritual things and wi' fouk in London, but no wi' a Scotch Presbyterian audience. Na, na."

Miss Adams, it is expected, will continue to play "The Little Minister" a number of years; but each season, together with

this piece, she will produce something new. During the theatrical year of 1898 and 1899 she will play "The Little Minister" continuously until about May 8, for on the 10th of that month Mr. Frohman proposes presenting at the Empire Theatre, New York, "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Adams as Juliet. Thirty special perform-

ances of this will be given throughout the United States, Mr. William Faversham appearing in the cast as Romeo. At the conclusion of this supplementary season, about June 19, Miss Adams will rest until the first of October, when she will again appear in "The Little Minister," and play it continuously until about the first of



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"YOU WILL GO AWAY, WONT YOU? FOREVER AND FOREVER."



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"NO, NO, FELICE, I COULD NEVER STAND BEING A MINISTER'S WIFE."

December. At that date it is expected she will go to the Empire Theatre, New York, and produce a new play, which has not yet been settled upon by Mr. Frohman, but which, it is hoped, will be shortly written by Mr. Barrie.

It is with considerable gratification that such an occasion as this can be taken to refute vigorously all those implied and direct rumors as to Miss Adams's ill health. The statement which was made in Boston some time ago that a certain physician of prominence had given his opinion from consultation that Miss Adams was not strong, is wrong, for two reasons. First, she is in excellent health; second, she never went near a doctor while in Boston. On

her own assurance, playing is absolutely no exertion to her. It is her desire to play matinees, and is ready and anxious to play more of them than her manager will permit. This inclination is brought about from the fact, as she says, that she feels happiest and in the best condition when playing. Away from the theatre, she is nervous. This is her natural condition.

We come finally to a consideration of wherein lies the reason for "The Little Minister's" success. The telling of this requires but a word. A unique, original theme has been treated by Mr. Barrie with a dramatic skill, a humor and an appreciation of character that cannot be received otherwise than with a feeling of welcome

by the general public. Mr. Barrie has given us a play that refreshes and enlivens, and the most hardened realist must feel the better for breathing the pure, sweet atmosphere that envelops it; for even the "dourness" of the Presbyterianism of Thrums has its kindly side. But the secret of the play, when everything else has been said, lies, as we all very well know, in the personality of Miss Adams. "She is deliciously droll. Her gay mischievousness, her sudden flashes and spurts of coquetry, her consciousness of her woman's power, and the helplessness of the Little Minister; her gift at swift dryness of speech, and with and through all, her quaint and taking personality, which gives to every word and movement a pretty girlish piquancy and grace, these avail completely to win all the honor and praise that has been bestowed upon her." Playful, arch, roguish she is—yet, as Kipling would put it, she is "the woman who understands."

It has not been through any such paltry accessories as superb gowns and sparkling jewels that Miss Adams has won her success. Rather it has been the discovery of the happy chance in which all the artistic appreciation in her nature has found fit expression in "a part that is played." In her delightful unconventionality she violates no canon of histrionic art, and to the tawdry tricks and belittling mannerisms of the stage she is an entire stranger. In their stead she has given us an interpretation such as Hamlet would have praised; for, "o'erstepping not the bounds of modesty," she has in truth "held the mirror up to nature." To know this and then to remember that she is playing to decadents in dramatic taste, whose sanction of a play depends upon the *tang* it gives their jaded palates, is praise enough for her and encouragement enough for the lovers of the drama—to us who realize that the truly simple, the absolutely fine and the spot-



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"FATHER, I WISH TO TELL YOU, THAT,—I AM QUITE READY!"



Allen Gilman

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"SOME OF THE CONGREGATION WERE WATCHING THEM OVER THE DIKE."

lessly good are the elements, and the only lasting elements, that make for the permanence of any art. Without them all else is merely "a mouthing of words."

For the play there has been no dissenting voice as to the question but what it charms and charms deeply. No man's criticism is of value, for you have seen something that defies analysis. It seems to reach that in one which always responds so finely to

touches of truth and shadows of sentiment. Although what it appeals to within you is illusive, emotional, indefinable, unnamable, a something that does not readily find expression in words,—yet on the other hand, if there is any one thing in this world, the existence of which you feel to be a certainty, it is some such influence as this that enters into your life as a sort of perpetual benediction.



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MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

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"We must get home: All is so quiet there."

THE HOOSIER POET AT HIS OLD HOME

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

VILLAGE and country life has been a veritable nursery of American literature. With the passing of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, there remains the poet laureateship of the present generation to bestow. In the absence of those stirring times which developed such stocky and vigorous genius as that of the New England school, he must be a hopeless cynic who would contend that "we have no real poets to-day."

The influence of the free, unbridled democracy and genuineness of country and village life is conducive to poetic genius. Now that the New England school, with "Snow Bound," "One Hoss Shay," "Hosea Bigelow" and "Evangeline" have been given a permanent place in American literature, it is not at all amiss to look about and see from whence our next school of poetic luminaries is to appear. The great middle West has already brought forth its representative. The village life of one quarter-century or more past, nurtured a youth, whose name now has a fixed place in literature, and a still more permanent place in the hearts of the people. He has

the genuine stamp of all that the isolation, poverty, and even plebeian democracy of rural life could inspire. The farms and villages of twenty to forty years ago have furnished the bone and sinew of the cities, but as these rural districts become inoculated with urban tendencies through the medium of railroads, telegraphs and bicycles, so that the luxuries of the metropolis are often times quite as accessible in the country as in the cities, the question arises, what then? This means certainly the obliteration of dialect and provincialism. The heterogeneous mingling of our population will result in eclipsing to some extent the genuineness and simplicity of humanity as illustrated in rural life.

THE VILLAGE CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The history and the personnel in every western village during the past quarter century presents much the same "cast of characters," and the lines of the play run in the same tenor; but it has remained for one man to voice it all in the tenderest heart-songs ever penned. These poems are indeed an appeal to all who have ever had

even a passing glimpse of the environments that have given birth to his heart lyrics. The world critics and blasé cynics from the realm of art and literature, now approach with uncovered head the presence of a harp touched by such a hand.

Our own beloved Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago made this estimate of Riley:

"James Whitcomb Riley is nothing short of a born poet and a veritable genius. I think he is a later Hosea Biglow, quite as original as the latter and more versatile in certain respects. I own a good deal of enthusiasm for this later product of Indiana soil, this delineator of lowly humanity who sings with so much fervor, pathos, humor and grace."

And even Mr. Howells left his group on a railway train long enough to write that "Riley could paint a soul." The critics now acknowledge his genius, and the plaudits of all nations are his; but there was one triumph for James Whitcomb Riley besides which all else pales, and that was the greeting given him in a reading at his old home, amid the scenes now familiar to all the world through his poems. To be hailed with love and honor at his childhood home—what greater triumph has man than this?

Among those who bid him welcome were many of the living characters represented in his poems. The village still boasted of nearly all of the identical personages from which the poet drew his drama of life, and yet in all that cast Whitcomb Riley never brought forth a villain or cut with that keen edge of satire so much sought after by young writers.

Awaiting him was the old "Saxhorn Brass Band," Ike Davis and four brothers, with fluttering campaign torches, with the small boys to hold

the music, playing "Hail to the Chief" as James Whitcomb Riley sat his dress suit case down on the platform and responded to the chorus of "Howdy, Jim!"

HE READ ON THE OLD SCHOOL ROSTRUM.

We cannot conceive of a more dramatic or more interesting moment in which to picture the Hoosier Poet. In the little Indiana town of Greenfield he is still known and loved as "Jim" and greeted with a hearty welcome, which is sweeter to him than the plaudits of culture and critics. Who will say that this was not the crowning



Yours truly, James Whitcomb Riley



"We wind, from the main highway,
In through the wood's green solitudes—

achievement of his life purpose? The poet who sang so tenderly and so divinely of children has no children of his own. The author of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" is difficult to imagine as a bachelor past forty. These very simple facts, however, may contain a romance, merely mirrored in printed page, for the great poet always gives first himself, then his art. Then, too, it may be that the poet has been enabled to give that masterly touch of a child-life, because he is not a father or a husband. He has obtained a perspective and a tender sympathy that the actual experiences might have dimmed; in every character we find the idyllic touch without even a tinge of commonplace—and yet it is all so real, so close to the heart of Nature.

He gave a reading of his poems in a hall, which was formerly the schoolroom, where as a boy he dreamed of the fields and flowers outside the open window. Sitting on the platform with him was the gentle old teacher, Leo O. Harris (whose likeness resembles an old print of Thackeray). This was an inspiration that went direct to the heart of the poet. In the dazzling sea of faces were recognized individuals who had passed out of mind since the earlier childhood days, and now the names and peculiar expressions of countenance and form were recalled in that surging flood of memories. His quick sense of the

assemblage revealed the life study of the poet. Mr. Riley has not left a feeling, an emotion or an expression of these people unnoticed in the incomparable simplicity and genuineness of his verse, and in this triumphant return to his old home, which he persistently denied himself in the days of his early struggles, it was evident from whence he had drawn his inspiration.

THE IDYLLIC SCENES OF HOOSIERDOM.

It was my good fortune to visit this same town recently, and there was a fascination in looking up some of the originals mentioned in Riley's poems who are still living. Not many years before I had visited the homes of Cowper, Ruskin, Wordsworth and Southey in the lake district of England.

Also the homes of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar and Tennyson's haunts in the Isle of Wight. In each of the retreats I passed over the walks the poets loved, with awe and veneration. I gazed upon the landscapes over which they had revelled in poetic admiration. I lingered in the bliss of hero worship, conjuring up in fancy the inspired poets, trying to re-vivify and re-people the scenes as they were in "the receding days." All this was inspiring—indeed, it added a halo to the names of those with whom I had spent many a happy hour

through the happy medium of the printed page, and yet how distant, how statuesque it all was compared to the



"When life was like a story
holding neither sob nor sigh.



"Where the shell bark Hickory-tree
Rained its wealth on you and me,

few hours at Greenfield! Here I lived, breathed among the actual characters of which I had read, and the blood went dancing through my veins at the sight of the old "swimming pool." In the autumn corn fields I felt the "frost in the pumpkin," the dusty road, with its "velvet imprint," the lanes and the woods' sacred solitudes—all this was the life and breath of the living Muse. No musty odor of books pervaded it, but every poem came bounding to me accentuated by each one of the five senses. The realization was indeed a revelation. These scenes are a curriculum of boyhood, and the keen observance and even photographic accuracy of the poet indicated the possession of the greatest attribute of genius—childlike and honest simplicity—with none of that strained and artificial twang of heroic and mixed metaphor not understandable and quite intolerable to one of plain intelligence.

All these scenes of real life are the suggestions that stir the subtle depths of the soul. The roadside leading by the old tottering rail fence; the trees that "trail their tresses," the sea of grain that "overflowed the orchards of long ago," the road to old "Aunt Mary's," lined on either side by the curling and crumbling fence, and the still waters of the pasture lands; even the oldshell-bark hickory tree stood out radiant and resplendent in the autumn sunset. It seemed like a dream of fairyland when



"And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread."

described in Riley's poems, which I read while on the trailing pathway "adown the valley." Although it was then later in the season than the time described in many of Mr. Riley's sweet pastoral dreams, yet a

sweeping outlook of the landscape furnished the distance of time which lent an additional enchantment to the view. The environments were such as to bring old pictures fresh to mind of those who have ever lived in the country or village. James Whitcomb Riley expresses what the masses feel. It is the common lot of us all to appreciate and admire the beauties of the rainbow or a sunset, but it remains for the artist to transfer the colors and sentiment to the canvas. The average person can comprehend the emotions of poetry, but it is only the poet who can express them.



"O darling Pathway! lead me
bravely on
! Adown your valley-way!"—

The western village, with its flat and monotonous surroundings, is not apt to be interesting from a picturesque point of view. What is lacking in scenic effects is supplied by a study of the people. The unpainted houses, with rambling fences and the sway-back corn-cribs that cluster about the railway station; the protruding faded signs and sentinel-like row of hitching posts that skirt the main business street; the irregular planked and knotty sidewalk; the country roads, with mire and rut; the farmer driving gaily in "to town," blissfully tetering on his spring seat, proud of his "span of blacks"; the loiterers about the



"And, like a never-ending season
The roadsides bloom in him
Who bides his time

postoffice when the mail is being distributed; the groups that cluster on the sunny side of the street at a convenient corner, to talk over the crops, the weather, and settle positively all questions of national moment. All this is a setting that is a

hush of the noonday everyone has dinner. In the afternoon the rush begins at the stores, when the farmers prepare to leave for home, and the rows of wagons on either side of the street weigh anchor as darkness gathers. The favorite haunts in the stores



"A-list'nin' to the witch-tale's," at Annie tells about."

foundation for literature. Every portion of the village day has a defined atmosphere, a slant of sunshine and shadow, from the early morn, when "the stores are opened." The sun is at just such a point when the children scamper to school; and in the lazy

of the village philosopher begin to fill up for the evening discussion when the lamps are lighted. Each season comes and goes with but little variation in the routine, and in it all there is the absolute simplicity and genuineness of human nature. Each vil-

lage has its pronounced characters. The boys have an aptness in bestowing nicknames with all the gusto of knighting a baron. There is "Giddy," "Skinny," "Reddy," "Toots," "Wilkey," "Fuzzey," "Bud," "Old Sixty"—each boy is duly christened. There is also the philosopher who knows everything; the politician who continues to preside at caucuses and town meetings; the man with a past, who seeks this sequestered nook to pass the remainder of his days, forgetting the world; the ne'er-do-wells, whose humble homes fringe the outskirts of the village; the father and sons, who saw wood for a living; and the mother, who does washing. And yet in all this community there is no caste. The washerwoman and hired man gather at the family table, and never once is there suggested a distinction and a difference of station in life. Such a thing as poverty or



"And again I lay supine
On grassy swards, where the skies, like eyes,
Looked lovingly back in mine."

want is never known, because there is always a personal sympathy and assistance ready for those who need. There is an undefined responsibility felt by each one toward the other, to see that they do not hunger, not alone for the necessities of life, but for what is more than all to them, for the sympathy which man owes to man. The loftiest and noblest ideals of life are found in these quiet nooks, away from the rush and tide of the strife for position and wealth. This phase of village life has been the most popular feature of our literature during the last decade. It has been the foundation of the success attained by William Allen White, Stephen Crane, Garland and others. Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field and William Nye con-



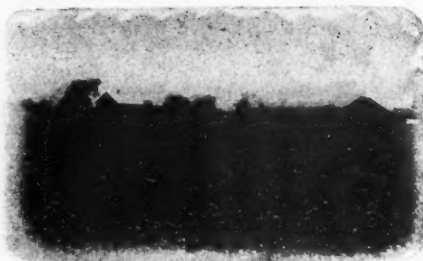
"the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of long ago!"

stitute a trio who have all struck the same rich ore in literary production.

It is the growth and development of Whitcomb Riley, against seemingly overwhelming odds, that is of special interest in an estimate of his work. There were the sign painting days—the struggle with poverty that was the crucial test and developed the genuine fire. A product of a country printer's office, like so many of our famous litterateurs, he learned the best value and relationship of words and style, while spacing out a line and correcting proofs at the case. In his personal make-up it was a serious question for a long time whether the Hoosier author was to become a poet or actor. His thin, set lips indicate a determination that is essential in every successful undertaking, and in the full glory of all his success his head has never been turned and his purpose never narrowed. His poems are of historic value. The scenes which he pictures of the caravans passing by on the old National road mark an epoch of revolution in American history quite overlooked by the staid



"The little naked feet that slipped
In truant paths—where are they?"



"And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacredst sorrows and joys of my heart."

and dignified historian. All of these scenes and environments are what constitute the real grandeur of Riley poems.

RILEY'S BRILLIANT TRIUMPH IN BOSTON.

A few weeks later was witnessed the antithesis of the occasion at Greenfield. One of the most fashionable and cultured audiences that ever gathered in Boston assembled in Tremont Temple to give the Hoosier poet an ovation. As usual, he was pale with stage fright before the readings were begun, undergoing the strain which he never seems to outgrow, but when he was brought forward and introduced by Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," there was an outburst of enthusiasm rarely witnessed in Boston. The scene was an inspiring one, as he assisted the aged poetess to the platform with all the tenderness and devotion of a son. When he recited his latest poem, "Old Glory,"* there was a perfect storm of applause such as only a patriotic impulse awakens. The breathless and wrapt attention of that vast audience while the poet

* Published in *Atlantic Monthly* in December.



"Where sprawling frogs, in loveless key,
Sing on and on incessantly."

rendered his lines was unparalleled in any dramatic production. The reciter lost himself completely, as painters and great musicians do—he abandoned his own personality in that of his poems; simple and yet masterful, without the least suspicion of elocutionary rant. Even those who had read and re-read "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," hung on the sweet and tender climax as much as when they first read the lines. With few gestures he has the full sway of the magnetic powers of his personality.

Tears,—yes, with your own feelings so tenderly mirrored, soothed, there is a relationship firmly established between the poet-author and reader that is as strong and sacred as any tie of kinship or friendship.

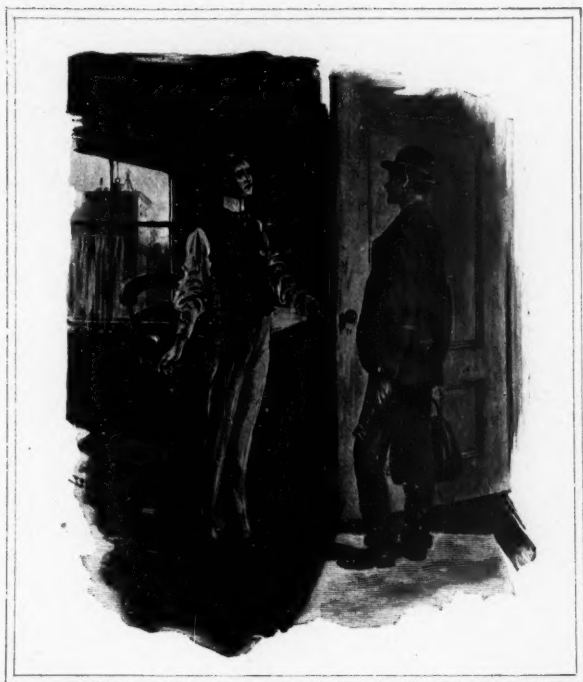
The old, old stories so near and so dear, always have a subtle charm and represent the highest and noblest in art—the art which appeals to and holds captive the most sacred memories.



"Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—"

His pen never dips in vitrol, and his brush always glances off on a touch of sin and iniquity. He is the gentle wild flower poet—giving Nature's own colorings. The ballad and song writer often live only as butterflies, but there is a depth to James Whitcomb Riley that has indicated the full measure of his greatness, and he is still in his prime. In talking concerning his future work, the poet replied in his characteristic way: "Haven't I about exhausted all these materials? By no means; there's a whole shelf-full left."

James Whitcomb Riley is the exponent of hearty, healthful, honest sentiment; he appeals to what is best in us, and the great voice of the people hail him as their representative poet.



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"BOSS SAID IF I DIDN'T GET THE CASH TO SHUT 'ER OFF.
SO OFF SHE GOES."

THE STUDIO GAS

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

THE main thing in the studio was chaos. It will creep into studios. Probably the careful housewife would also have noted another thing, to wit: dirt, which it is also hard to keep out of the artistic environment and still harder to dispossess once it has obtained a foothold. But man's right to dirt shall not be questioned, since he was made from the dust of the earth, though his claim to chaos is not so clear, unless on the ground that it antedated him and he therefore has no right to disturb it.

Certainly the chaos in the present studio was seldom interfered with except as more was added. And this scarcely counted, since new installments of confusion were al-

ways piled on the old without in any way molesting the original stock. This produced stratified chaos, which after all, the occupants argued, is much less serious than the chaos which partakes of volcanic formation, brought about by frequent and convulsive upheavals. Indeed, these occupants firmly believed that they were very good housekeepers, and that they had an extremely orderly place. They professed their ability always to find whatever they wanted, which would have been rather difficult to disprove since they seldom wanted to find anything except their pipes, and there were so many of these that it was impossible that they should ever all be lost at one time.

It was the middle of the afternoon and one of the methodical dwellers in the studio was seated before his drawing table, on which was a blank sheet of bristol board. His feet were elevated on the edge of the table and he was smoking dreamily.

"Vile stuff, vile stuff," he murmured as he took the pipe from his lips and blew a great cloud into the recesses of the skylight. "When I fill my pouch out of Huf-cut's tobacco again you'll know it. His tobacco is worse than his drawing. No, impossible! Every last thing in that society double-page of his stolen boldly from me. Looks as if it were my picture, *drawn with my left hand!* Hah, clever idea! I'll get Paul to put that into a verse and we'll send it to the *Oracle*."

There is a knock at the door, and Max (his other name is unimportant) takes down his feet hurriedly and puts aside his pipe. "Must be that tailor's man," he says under his breath. There is another knock, louder, and a metallic clank half suggestive of chains and slavery. "No, it's the gas man! His tools are rattling. No keeping *him* out, the scoundrel! I believe he'd break in the door!" All this time Max is shedding his coat and rolling up his sleeves. Sticks a quill pen behind his ear, seizes a brush in one hand and opens the door. The man, a big six-footer, enters and says:

"Well?"

"Yes, yes," answers Max excitedly. "That's so. I told you to call, didn't I?" "That's right."

"I'm sorry, very sorry. You see Paul isn't back yet. I'm working at a tremendous rate—right in the thickest of it as you rapped. Just suppose you let it stand and I'll call at the office to-morrow and make it all right. Really, we've bothered you so much already that I *can't* ask you to call again."

"I ain't going to call again. Boss said if I didn't get the cash to shut 'er off. Off she goes!" and the man pumps a big monkey-wrench with teeth on its jaws up and down in his hand.

"Now, my dear fellow, that's what you said before. I told you——"

"It's dead straight this time. No mon—off she goes!"

"But I told you how it was! I've a big

order on—pictures for a book, you know,—*must* be done Saturday night—can't get the money unless it is done—can't finish it unless I work nights—can't work nights unless I have gas—can't pay you unless I get the money. Don't you see you are cutting your own throat by shutting off our gas?"

"Can't help it—orders is orders. Off she goes," and the man continues to pump the crocodile wrench.

"Leave it and you get what we now owe and regular pay in the future—cut it off, and no matter how much I shall want to pay you, I can't do it. Think what you are doing!"

"Off she goes!" and the man steps into the alcove back of the studio proper and begins to pound at the pipes by the gas meter. Max walks up and down the floor fairly tearing his hair. The man emerges and goes out. Max collapses into his chair and lights his pipe mechanically, the picture of woe. In a moment, enter the partner of his joys and sorrows, Paul, who calls himself a poet, but who writes mainly prose, as being less exacting in its requirements. Max sadly explains the situation. Paul also plunges into the Slough of Despond. "Heavens," he groans, "and I just got an order from Murdock's for a lot of book notices. I shall *have* to grind out the work nights. What can we do?"

Max shakes his head gloomily. "Candles, I suppose," he answers.

Paul agrees with just a shade of relief. "We haven't the money, though, to get any and pay for that plaster-cast which the man promised to bring to-morrow. No credit with Pedro, you know."

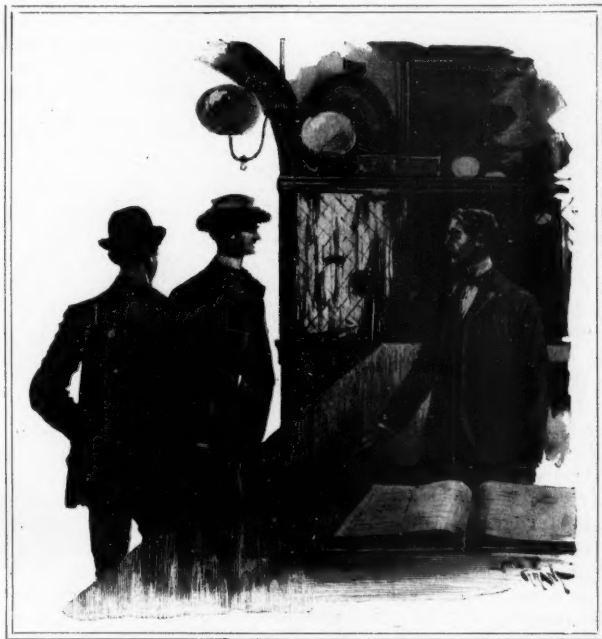
Max takes out his watch and hands it to Paul silently. The latter's face brightens somewhat further. They sit for two hours and smoke and abuse the gas company. By this time it is beginning to grow dark. Paul goes out, looks up the dear old Hebraic uncle who knows him so well, then buys a great bundle of candles. When he gets back he finds that Max has hunted up a dozen empty bottles. They stuff the candles into the bottle necks, light them, start their pipes and abuse the gas company for another two hours. By this time they are hungry and go out to dinner. They come back and again fall to abusing the company

for some time. Then they decide to go to work, after quarrelling over the division of the candles. Finally eight fall to Max and Paul takes four. They work intermittingly till two o'clock in the morning. No ten minutes has passed in which the gas company has not been roundly denounced. By this time Max has the composition of his picture pretty well under way. The drawing, by-the-by, is a double-page for a periodical which was promised to be done a week before. Paul has written two thou-

"Good deal you can do with a candle."
"There's heat enough in a candle—I burned all my fingers snuffing them last night."

Paul accordingly tries for twenty minutes to make coffee by holding it over two candles, but only succeeds in producing a horrible smell of burning tallow. They bombard the gas company with hot shot and go out to breakfast.

On the way back they stop at a fire, drop in at an auction of rugs and curse their



DRAWN BY LOUIS F. GRANT.

"YOUR GAS HAS NEVER BEEN TURNED OFF," SAID THE CLERK
QUIETLY, "JUST GO HOME AND LIGHT IT."

sand words. His work could have been done any time for a month past. They finally knock off, take a parting smoke, pay their compliments to the gas company and go to bed.

They are up the next morning early—an hour before noon.

"I'd like to know how we're going to make coffee without gas?" demands Max savagely.

"Well, there are the candles."

moneyless luck, walk two blocks to get sight of the office of the gas company so as to denounce it face to face, and finally turn up in the studio at three o'clock. They find a friend waiting, and spend two hours in smoking and telling him of their misfortunes. The friend sympathizes, and takes them down to see the wretched daubs of another artist in an art-store window. They start home, but observe the landlord standing on the steps, and so steer back

and watch him for fifteen minutes from behind a waiting cab. He goes away to be succeeded by the grocery man, but they get home finally. Each then throws off his coat to begin work. Unluckily Paul casually suggests that native dramatists do not receive sufficient encouragement. Max replies that they get more encouragement than their work deserves. Neither knows anything about theatricals, but this does not prevent their arguing for two hours. Dinner time, so they go out. Friends are plentiful at the restaurant. The dramatic discussion is resumed, and each finds supporters. They repeat the story of their troubles with the gas company, and there is sympathy on all sides. It is ten o'clock when they finally return and take up their work.

It is three days later, on Saturday afternoon. Their work is done and they have the money for it. The consumption of candles has been simply enormous. Each day has passed like the one described. Not a line of the drawing or a word of the writing has been done by daylight, though two or three solid hours each day has been spent in savage abuse of the gas company. The dozen bottles stand about, mountains of tallow. It has run down and hardened on them till they look like crude statuettes of women in the most outrageous days of crinoline. There is tallow on everything, and candle ends on the floor like pebbles on the sea-beach. The four bottles of milk, one for each day, which they have not needed for their coffee, stand on the mantel. They could not stop the boy from bringing it because they owe the milkman. The same with the rolls and the baker. The bread they have used to throw at each other, and the fragments are mingled with the candle ends.

"Well, we'll fix those gas folks now," says Paul.

"Yes, yes; I should say we will. Drat 'em, the miserable tradespeople!"

"I've a notion to stick to candles and never use any more of their old gas."

"I wish we might! But they flicker so it makes me nervous. You know my nerves, Max."

"Oh, you're not a bit more nervous than I am. I'm going to do all my work by

daylight after this, so both gas and candles can go hang."

"So am I. After all, the morning is the time to work. While the dew is on one's thoughts, Max."

"I know, Paul. But we shall need the gas for the coffee."

"True. And I want to have the satisfaction of paying those gas folks anyhow. It will do me good to stuff their vile money down their cavernous throats!"

"I'm with you there! But I'd hardly give up such an amount just for the satisfaction of the thing if we didn't have to have the gas."

"That's so. Especially as we need money for so many other things. They're going to auction some bully old mahogany up at Tidbaum's next Tuesday."

"Come on! Let's go and fix those rapacious wretches."

In a few minutes they enter the office. They approach the pay window haughtily. Paul throws down the bill and two or three bank notes, any one more than enough to pay it. Max pretends not to notice and begins taking money from his pocket ostentatiously. The clerk picks up one of the notes, receipts the bill and pushes it and the change back.

"That was very funny of you folks, wasn't it?" says Paul bitterly. "Got us in a hole and tried to squeeze the life out of us!"

The clerk raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Thought you had us down, didn't you?" chimes in Max, controlling himself with an effort. "Maybe you'll see now that when it comes to lights—there—are—others!"

"It would serve you right if we did not pay you at all. We do it because we are honest men. You won't understand what that means, but that's what we are—honest men, who pay our debts."

"Now, confound you, you send that greasy cutthroat of yours around there instantly to turn on our gas or we'll sue you for discrimination! D'you hear?"

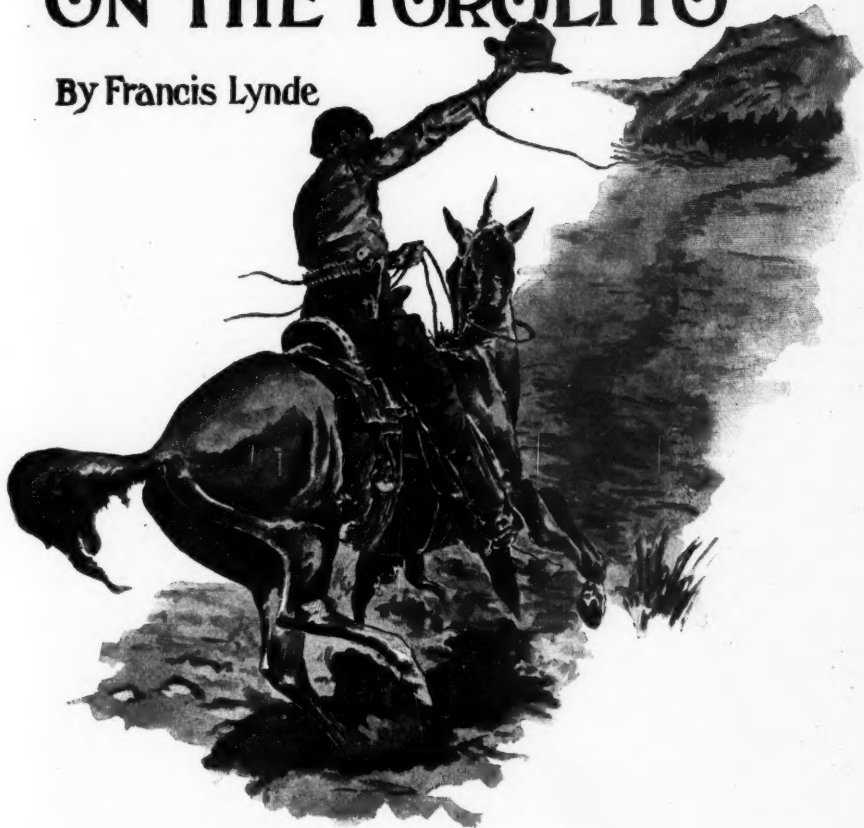
Says the clerk quietly:

"I'm very sorry, but we can't do so. Your gas has never been turned off. Just go home and light it."

They stagger out dazed, but at last reach the studio, and find that he has told the truth.

THE TROUBLE ON THE TOROLITO

By Francis Lynde



XIII. THE FOUNTAINS OF THE DEEP

MACPHERSON'S trial was set for the October term of court, and I was not without the hope of being able to go to the Fort in term-time to appear for him. The case was not as simple as it seemed. Wykamp's evidence would be difficult to set aside; and only those who knew Macpherson would be able to escape the suspicion which pointed naturally to the

man whom the land company's scheme would dispossess. There were two or three ways to clear Angus, but just how to do it without implicating Selter was a problem. As a last resort, I determined to bring the Tennessean to book; and this determination was clinched when Selter refused to come to the rescue of his own motion. I put it to him conditionally, asking him if he would make a deposition and take his

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chances of escape if it should become necessary to save Mac from paying the penalty in his stead.

"I reckon ye wouldn't hardly expect a man to do that ther', would ye, Mr. Halcott?" he said, when I had laid the matter before him. "Ez you say, Mac's been a powerful good friend to me, an' all that, but ther's limits, ain't ther'?"

I said yes, and did not urge him, but I made out my case for Angus with a ruthless alternative in reserve. If I couldn't clear him without involving Selter, the Tennessean should pay the price.

In the meantime, matters went on the even tenor of their way in the valley. For a purpose of my own, a purpose which detailed itself at some length in a technical correspondence with my legal partners in Denver, I dissuaded Winifred from leaving the valley; nay, more; I even succeeded in convincing her that it was her duty to take the Valley Head school for the fall term. She did it; did it under protest, I fancy; but that mattered not so long as my end was subserved. Not to make a mystery of it here, I was determined to set her free, legally, and it was a strong point in her case to have her resident within rifle-shot of her husband's camp and ignored by him. There was but one plea which could be set up and sustained against Wykamp, but the evidence of that was not lacking. Nan no longer went about her work with a laugh and a gibe for all comers. She hid herself as is the wont of such stricken creatures.

Now that it is all over, I willingly confess that I had serious doubts as to my ability to persuade Winifred to appear in court in her own behalf; doubts which would have been convictions had I known her half so well as I thought I did. For her the incomplete marriage was a bond not to be set aside by any decree of court, and I ought to have known it from the beginning. Bad as he was, Wykamp was still her husband; and I did her an injustice by daring to hope that his added sin would make her forget it.

It was in the latter part of September that the Glenlivat dam was completed, and the great canal, with its laterals, was ready to receive the water. The "turning on" was

set for the first day of October, and there was to be some fitting celebration of the event. A rude barrack for the accommodation of the invited guests had been built on the slope below the engineer's camp; and there was to be a stockholders' special train from Denver, and a barbecue, and afterward a brass-band auction sale of some of the choicer tracts of the company's land.

The morning of the last Sunday in September dawned bright and clear. A hunting party homing from North Park had stopped over night at the settlement, and one of its members, a young clergyman from the East, held a religious service in the schoolhouse. As I learned afterward, the young man had no lack of hearers. Anything in the way of a religious meeting was a novelty in the sequestered valley, and the settlement turned out almost to a man. Winifred went with Mr. Selter; Angus was there with his cowboys; and there was even a goodly sprinkling of the workmen from the engineer's camp.

For reasons of my own, which were not grounded in any cynical prejudice, I did not go. To tell the truth, I was growing anxious about Selter. There was a mystery connected with his movements reaching back to a certain evening when I had chanced to see him coming down from the northern gulch beyond the hog-back with a burden which he carried as one carries a sick child. The following morning I had found a new-made grave,—or, at least, a place where something had been freshly buried,—in the embankment of the great canal; and when my morning stroll up the gorge beyond the hog-back ended at the door of Wykamp's powder-magazine, I had warned Angus to be prepared to prove an alibi at any hour of the day or night. As a corollary to all this, I watched Selter beagle-wise.

On the Sunday morning, therefore, a small thing kept me from going to the schoolhouse with Winifred and Mrs. Selter. It was a fact brought out by my field-glass. On the higher slopes of the hog-back I had chanced to descry a moving speck making its way westward toward the upper canyon; in the object-glass of the binocular it defined itself as a man zigzagging across the ridge with a heavy burden of some kind on

his back. It was Selter, and the mystery might then have pointed to its own solution if I had not been so deeply engrossed in Macpherson's affair. The time for the trial was drawing near, and if I watched Selter like a paid shadower of men, it was chiefly because I feared he might disappear before the critical moment. This going a-field with a back-load had the look of it. Doubtless he was preparing a hiding place somewhere in the mountains to which he could retreat at need.

The schoolhouse meeting had begun when I lost sight of the moving speck, and lighted my pipe to weigh the promissings of an attempt to follow Selter. From my chair on the porch I could hear the singing quite distinctly above the murmur of the river in its bed across the road. The autumn storms were delayed, and the weather for a fortnight had been cool. In consequence the water was low, and its thunder was softened until the roar of the cataract pouring over the waste weir of the completed dam was clearly audible. Up among the western peaks the clouds were gathering; and I remember thinking that Wykamp must be relieved to know that the season for cloudbursts was fairly over for the year.

The thought had scarcely taken shape when the man himself came riding by. As once before, anxiety was not in his face, but this time his gaze was not upon the river. It was fixed upon the cloud wreaths hanging over the western peaks, and he rode as one who lets his horse find out the way. The hither shoulder of the hog-back had scarcely hidden him before I heard a stir in the house and the gentle closing of a door. A moment later I saw Nan making her way across the upper field, and thought I divined her purpose. She had seen the engineer pass the house; had guessed that he was on his way to the dam; and had taken this chance,—her last chance it might be,—of finding him alone to plead once again for justice.

It seemed a pity that the girl should have to fight such a hopeless battle alone. I know not, nor shall ever know, if she believed that he was free to marry her. But such poor amends as money may make should at least be hers; and at the apex of this thought I determined to follow her,

and to do what a man and a lawyer might do to help her.

When I came in sight of the high wall of masonry cutting the upper canyon across, the thunder was a-roll in the upper air. I could hear the mutter and growl of it, and the vivid sun-brightness of the day, and the clear arch of the sky with no other hint of a storm abroad, gave it a weird effect. The water of the diminished torrent was pouring over the waste weir; and, as on that night when I had crept trembling across the flume-bridge, the engineer was perched upon his barrier, gazing down at the flood.

Nan was on the trail below, just where Macpherson had drawn rein on the night of the explosion; and when I came in sight she was calling to Wykamp. I was too far away to hear what she was saying, and the thunder of the waste weir must have made her words inaudible to the engineer; but her impassioned gestures were eloquent. She was pleading with him or warning him, I knew not which; and while I looked Wykamp signed assent, and turned to retrace his steps to the nearer abutment.

I thought it might be as well to hold aloof until the time for interference should be fully ripe, and climbed to a perch on the steep slope where I should be out of their sight when they met. None the less, I watched the engineer narrowly, and when he stopped midway of the dam in the attitude of one listening intently, I listened, too. Above the thunder of the waste a hoarser roar filled the air, coming suddenly but persistently like the sustained jar of a distant explosion. Like the lion's roar, the sound once heard is unmistakable. It was a cloudburst, and the test of the great wall of masonry was fairly upon it.

Wykamp hesitated but an instant, and in that instant a man darted out of the mouth of the outlet of the tunnel on the opposite side of the canyon and began to climb the mountain side as one who flies danger. It was Jacob Selter, and I took it that he had been trying to ambush the engineer. He, too, had heard the ominous roar of the oncoming flood, and whatever his object had been, he had apparently abandoned it to seek safety. It is doubtful if Wykamp saw him. The man in the engineer—there is a man hidden

in whatsoever outward husk of depravity poor humanity walks abroad—was alive at last, and he was racing down in great leaps and bounds toward the girl standing in the very shadow of the towering wall. While I looked, he reached her, gathered her in his arms, and carried her swiftly aside and up the hither slope; and when he finally stumbled and fell with her there was a margin of safety behind them.

I held my breath and my heart skipped a beat when I beheld the dark wall of water, brown and débris-laden, rushing down the upper canyon upon the great stone barrier. It seemed incredible that any work of man could withstand the impact of such a terrible battering-ram; and I climbed still higher, though my perch was well above the level of the reservoir. The engineer had more courage or a better confidence in his own work. He had risen and lifted Nan to her feet; and together they stood and watched the huge brown wall of water leap high in air to fling itself over the stone coping of the dam. The masonry stood the shock like a wall of living rock. The brown cataract choked the waste weir and poured many feet deep over the top of the dam, filling the channel below until at its maximum the foaming torrent was lapping at the feet of the man and the woman standing on the half-buried boulder on the hither slope, but they did not move.

It was while the flood was roaring its loudest that I chanced to lift my eyes to the opposite cliff where Selter had disappeared. To my horror I saw him plunging recklessly down the declivity toward the submerged dam, and his frenzied yells came to me above the clamor of the waters. Not until that great day when the books shall be opened will his motive be revealed, but the pointing of it was clear enough. He was making frantic haste to reach the couple in the ravine below, and striving to anticipate by shriek and wild gestures the warning he was bringing.

When he reached the stream's brink there was but one way to cross, and he took it without an instant's pause. The yellow-red arch of the flood springing clear from the edge of the dam was subsiding, but it was at least two feet deep over the masonry when he plunged in and began to wade

across. For a dozen palpitant heart-beats I thought he would make it; and then the end came. A huge column of mud and water shot up behind the dam like a mighty geyser-jet; there was a deep growl of imprisoned thunder; a nauseating shock that seemed to kill the very air; and the great wall of masonry toppled outward and downward, crumbling like sand in the forefront of the flood that gathered itself for the onrush to the doomed valley below. I closed my eyes in the sickening horror of it, and when I opened them I was alone with the clamorous waters. The boulder where Wykamp and Nan had been standing was gone, and in its bed the angry flood was cutting a wider and still wider channel in the loose shale of the canyon slope.

XIV.

"BETTER THE END OF A THING—"

The flood subsided quickly, almost as quickly as it had risen, and I made my way down the canyon in the track of it, nerveless and horror-shaken. The sun was shining as brightly as before, and the Sabbath stillness was in the air. It seemed inconceivable that, but a few moments before, the great ravine had been the scene of a tragedy in which three lives had gone out like match-flares in a tornado. In the basin between the mountain and the hog-back, flumes, ditches and trail had disappeared, and the very face of Nature was changed. Where Macpherson's placer bar had been there was now a gullying eddy; and a new bar had formed farther down the stream.

I was obliged to head the northern gulch to reach the gap in the hog-back, and when the strath of the settlement came in view I scarcely recognized it. The tidal wave released by the crumbling dam had been checked for an instant by the narrow gap in the ridge, and its charge upon the tilled lands beyond had been like the bursting of a second barrier. I can compare the devastation to nothing but the track of a crevasse on the lower Mississippi. Selter's holding, and the two farms adjoining, were swept clean, not only of buildings and fences, but of the very soil in the fields.

Ditches were gone, boundaries obliterated, the great barrack below the engineer's camp was demolished, and as far as the eye could reach down the valley the main canal was filled and leveled until its course could scarcely be traced. But for the gathering at the schoolhouse on the knoll, the loss of life must have been terrible; and as it was, I could scarcely hope that the tragedy of which I had been an awe-stricken witness was the only one.

When I topped the shoulder of the hog-back the schoolhouse knoll and the bit of road beyond the flood level were black with hurrying figures. Macpherson was the first to meet me as I picked my way across what, a few minutes earlier, had been the Selter infield. His greeting was an incoherent upbubbling of thankfulness, since he had taken it for granted that I had been swept away with the Selter house. There was no time for explanations, and I made none. Angus told me where to find his team and buckboard, and, asking me to look after the women at the schoolhouse, hurried away to organize a rescue party. I found the team, did what there was to be done, and when the excitement had a little subsided, took Winifred in the buckboard and set out to find shelter for her and for myself. We found accommodation at the Byres ranch, whose house was farthest removed from the scene of devastation, and there contented ourselves as best we might while the details of the disaster trickled in by little. It was soon discovered that only Selter and his daughter and the engineer were missing, but it was not until the evening of the following day that Angus came to make his report. I saw him coming and went a few rods down the road to meet him.

"Two, sure, and a possible third," he said, anticipating my query. "They're all accounted for except three, and two of the three were found on the bar below the engineer's camp this afternoon."

"Wykamp?" I asked.

"Yes; Wykamp and Nan Selter. They must have been overtaken together, somewhere."

"They were," I said; and I told him the story of the tragedy in the canyon so far as it touched these two.

"You say he tried to save her? There

was a bit of the man in him, after all, wasn't there?"

Angus had shown no disposition to go up to the farmhouse, where Winifred was sitting on the porch, and we had drawn aside to sit on the embankment of the dry Byres ditch.

"He did save her," I rejoined; "she would have gone down in the first rush of the wave over the top of the dam if he hadn't reached her just in the nick of time and carried her beyond the sweep of it."

"And after that they stopped to look at it, you say? That was the engineer in him; betting on his own game to the very last."

"They were safe enough, so far as the cloudburst was concerned," I amended; and then: "Have you found Selter?"

"No; and that's a bit curious. His wife says he went hunting on the north mountain early in the morning."

"You'll never find him—alive."

"What! How do you know?"

"Answer me one question, and then I'll tell you. Does any one suspect that it was more than a cloud-burst?"

"Why, of course not. It was a cloud-burst. Kilgore and the Barnes boys have been up the canyon beyond the dam, and the track of it can be traced for two miles."

"True; but if that were all, the dam would be standing at this moment, Angus. It did stand the cloudburst, and the pressure on was decreasing rapidly when it went out."

"The mischief you say! How do you know all this, Jack?"

"As I have told you, I was within fifty yards of the dam when it went out. And *Jacob Selter was trying to cross it!*"

"Good Lord! But what wrecked it?"

"Selter, I think. There was an explosion as if a twelve-inch shell had struck just above the masonry. He had fired his infernal machine from the mouth of the outlet tunnel, and was scrambling up to be out of harm's way when he saw Nan and Wykamp below the dam. When the shell exploded he was trying to reach them—for Nan's sake, I suppose."

Macpherson smoked his pipe quite to extinction before he spoke again. Then he said: "Jack, I'm a little tangled on the ethics of this thing. Could it do any possi-

ble harm to anybody if we keep this thing to ourselves?"

"I don't see that it can. Jake has paid the penalty. He's well out of reach of any court of ours."

"That's what I was thinking. And if we publish it, it'll only make it harder for a poor, miserable, destitute widow woman."

"I'm with you," I agreed. "And now for your plans. I don't think the Glenlivet people will trouble you for a year or two, and the suit against you will fall to the ground without Wykamp's evidence. Will you go quietly back to your cow-punching and make hay while the sun shines?"

His smile was inscrutable. "If it's all the same to you, I think I'll go on with the dirt-washing on my placer claim."

"But you can't; your bar's gone."

The mysterious smile held its own. "It's a pretty spiteful wind that blows nobody good, Jack. As you say, the bar's gone, but there is another one formed just below. I went up there and washed out a few panfuls to-day, and this is what I found."

He showed me a handful of dull yellow nuggets from the size of a mustard seed to that of a pea.

"There you've struck it rich at last! I congratulate you, my dear boy."

"Thanks; though it may not be a bonanza—probably isn't. But maybe there'll be enough to stand us all on our feet again. If there is anything in it, I'm going into the stock business."

"You're in that now, aren't you?"

"No; the other kind of stock. The Glenlivet people will be mighty tired when they hear of this, and they'll sell out cheap, most of them. I want to buy and own fifty-one per cent. of the stock. If there is ever another syndicate in the Torolito, it'll be Angus Macpherson & Company."

"Good; and the Company?"

"You know who the Company will be; and that's where you come in. You've got to think up some scheme to take care of her while I'm making the turn."

"It is already thought up, proposed and accepted. She goes with me to my sister in Denver, *poco tiempo*."

"Jack, old man, you're a god in the car!"—he wrung my hand till I winced. "If you go off and die before you've seen me

through on this, I'll never forgive you."

"If I die, I'll leave it as a bequest to Letitia, and she will see you through. She is a born match-maker, as you have occasion to know, if my memory serves me."

"Oh, you be damned!" said Mac, his eyes filling. He had not sworn at me for many days, and it was heartening. "When will you go?"

"To-morrow, if you'll lend us the team and the buckboard. Neither of us have more than the clothes we stand in, you know."

He was silent for a good while, and then he said:

"May I go up to the house and see herr—just for a minute? You can do the chapter act."

"No."

"For a half-minute, then?"

"No. We both know the circumstances, and that she can't really mourn him. But we mustn't forget that he was her husband."

"That's so. Good-bye, and God bless you, old man." He wrung my hand again, and was gone; and I did not return to the farmhouse until I had fairly lost sight of his broad back at the turn of the road.

And on the morrow we left the scarred valley, Winifred and I, and caught the train at the Fort; and were welcomed with open arms by Letitia, who was so grateful for the added odd pounds of flesh that I brought back in my proper person that she was lovingly gracious to Winifred. And later, when she had come to hope more for me, and to love the schoolmistress for her own sake, my part was still harder to play; for, as I have hinted, my sister is a born maker of matches. Indeed, I may as well confess that I should have made a sorry failure of it if I had not warned Letitia off by telling her the truth, and so made her Macpherson's advocate instead of mine.

Long before the snows came to stop the work on the placer bar, Angus fulfilled his own prophecy. I acted as his broker in Denver, and went gunning from time to time for Glenlivet stock. It was pot-hunting for the greater part. The stockholders were only too willing to be out of it at any price, and the last block of stock cost us little more than the transfer fees. Angus

was jubilant, as he had a right to be; and when he was once more the king of the Torolito, he wrote me at length, detailing his plans. There was to be a new house, and a great stock farm, with ancedored beasts, and a few more settlers picked and chosen from among our friends, for all of which the placer bar promised to be responsible—and kept its promise.

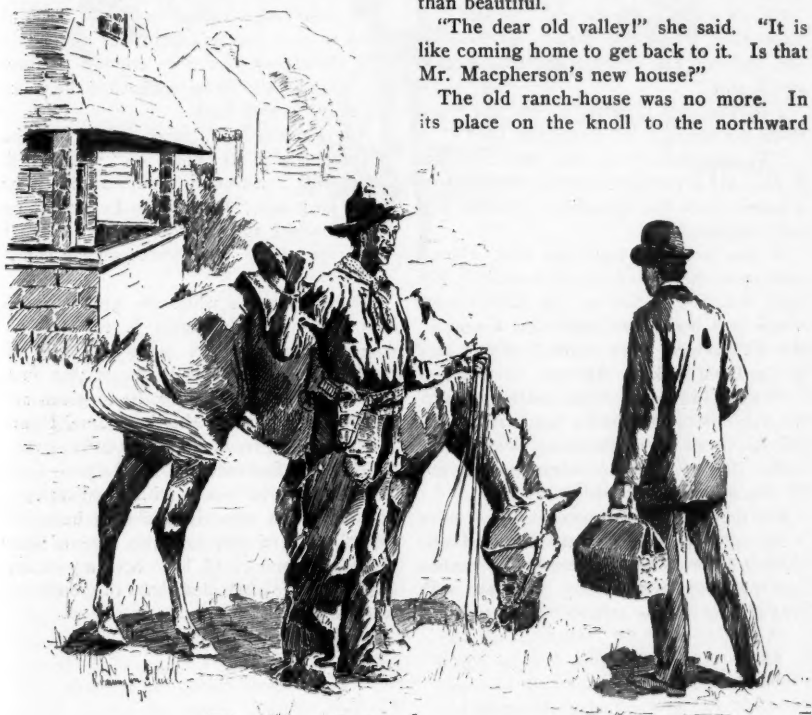
The spring was well a-foot on the east-

air might give me yet another reprieve and a little longer lease of life.

It was high noon when we emerged from the cliff-shadowed portal of the Six-Mile and looked once more upon the scene which had grown dear to both of us. Winifred drew a long breath and her eyes were shining. I had thought her beautiful before, but the winter in Denver, with the crushing burden lifted forever, had made her more than beautiful.

"The dear old valley!" she said. "It is like coming home to get back to it. Is that Mr. Macpherson's new house?"

The old ranch-house was no more. In its place on the knoll to the northward



DRAWN BY R. FARRINGTON BLWELL.

"CONNOLLY, THE EX-TROOPER, NODDED AFFABLY AND TOOK MY HORSE."

ern plains when next we saw the sheltered valley nestling between its snow-covered mountains, and traversed by the sparkling waters of the Torolito. But for the lower sweep of the snow-caps, it might have seemed but days instead of months since we left it together, Winifred and I. We had driven up from the Fort, she to take her summer school again, so Letitia had assured me, and I to try if the dry upland

stood a modern, low-roofed country house, many-gabled, and built of the bright lava-stone of the hog-back. As we looked, a man mounted at the door-stone and rode at a gallop toward us. I thrust the butt of the whip among the parcels on the buck-board and succeeded in dislodging one of them. It was Winifred's smaller hand-bag, and it was well to the rear in the dust of the road when Angus met us.

"Good boy!" I exclaimed. "You project your welcome into space, don't you? Will you lend me your horse and take my place? I've lost one of the valises, and if you'll drive Miss Sanborn, I'll ride back for it."

I know not if my transparent subterfuge were suspected. And I doubt if either of them questioned or cared, so long as they could be together. We made the exchange quickly, and Angus pointed the team toward the house on the knoll.

"We'll wait dinner for you," he said. "I have Aunt Richmond here to do the honors, and you can own the ranch as long as you'll stay."

I looked into Winifred's eyes and found there my warrant for a retort in kind.

"We shall see about that later. I'd like to have my invitation from the chatelaine of a house where I'm supposed to quarter myself indefinitely."

It was a liberal half-hour later when I rode up to the veranda of the country house with the lost valise at the saddle-horn. There was no one in sight save Connolly, the ex-trooper, who nodded affably and grinned and took the horse.

"Ye'll foind thim on the piazzz beyant," he said, with a wink and a leer, and the unfettered freedom of the great West large within him. "It's forgetting yez entirely by this toime, they'll be."

But they had not forgotten me; and when I mounted the steps it was Winifred who came to meet me, putting her hands in mine and blushing with sweet shyness, with Angus only a lame second.

"You said you wanted an invitation, Mr. Halcott," she said, archly. "You are very welcome to Torovista; to come and go and stay as our nearest and truest friend."

I looked from one to the other of them and gasped, and my heart sank a little in spite of me. Even when one has been working and praying for some certain end the seal of fruition and irrevocability may come with a trying shock. But my part was still to play, and I played it.

"Is— isn't this rather sudden? True, I tried to give you as much time as I could—if I'd known you were coming to meet us, Angus, I should have knocked the valise off miles farther back."

Angus roared. "I wish I had half the nerve you give me credit for," he laughed. "We stole a march on you, and did it by mail, long ago. There is to be a wedding in this shack to-night, and you're to give the bride away. Why don't you say something?"

There be times when the grave-diggers are busy, and the heart is too full for speech; and if at the moment I said no more than the hollow nothings that such occasions demand, it must be forgiven me. None the less, when the time came, I gave her to Angus, freely and without reserve.

That was five years ago; and since—I can look back upon it now with steadfast eyes, realizing that what is is always best—her happiness and his, and the love of little Joan, my name-child, have been my recompense for my undivided share in the trouble on the Torolito.



IN A CLUB CORNER



THIS evening three extra chairs were fetched into the Corner for guests.

This is to be what the Poet calls a "literary evening." The Philosopher describes a literary evening as "the assembling of a lot of poets who cannot print, for the purpose of reading their verses at each other." Anyway, the Poet has arranged this affair "on new lines," he says, and we are mildly curious as to the nature of the program.

The Colonel is in his place at the end of the left line of chairs, just at this moment filling his pipe and gazing benignantly across at the Cynic and the Book Maniac. The Novelist has curled down into an easy chair, facing the grate. All that is visible of him from a point four paces to the rear is his right foot projecting from the left side of the chair, a wisp of hair thrust above the chair-back, and an ascending chain of smoke rings. The Novelist prides himself on the smoke rings he can blow rather than upon the fact his fourteenth book has gone into its seventh edition. Desultory conversation ceases when the Poet enters the inglenook, piloting the guests of the evening. We are introduced in turn to Mr.—but no, the guests shall here be known, in the fashion of the Cor-

ner, not by the names which they had no part in choosing, but by the characteristics that most strongly stamp them in maturity. Most impressive of the trio is the Revolutionist. A sturdy figure of a man, with a huge, shaggy head, closely set upon a deep chest and broad shoulders. In his blue eyes a melancholy fire burns; his gaze seems turned inward. A quiet, reserved fashion of giant, he sinks silently upon a seat in the partial obscurity at the right end of the grate. The other guests are the Student, resident at a near-by university, and the Lecturer, who has retired to his home in the suburbs after making the round of the inland Chautauqua assemblies, and preparatory to opening the winter season of indoor entertainments.

The Poet, as master of ceremonies, commands silence with a comprehensive glance. "Gentlemen," he says, "in asking you to depart this evening from the customary informality of our assemblies, it was with the purpose of introducing new personalities. We have with us this evening a man"—he nods toward the Revolutionist—"whose radical views of society none of us, probably, could wholly endorse, yet who undoubtedly has a message for the world, and who is manfully striving for what he

believes to be the right solution of social problems. He has done us the honor to come here to read to us." The Revolutionist rises, sweeps the semi-circle of expectant faces with a calm scrutiny, then, in a deep, full voice, vibrant with sympathy, he reads:

A SONG FOR REVOLUTION

Who would not give his life to see
The race advance in kindly feeling;
The despot shorn, the slave set free,—
God's love in mortal man revealing?
Who rates his hour o' life so high
That Woe's appeal he hearing heeds not?
What heart when Sorrow's wailing cry
Its armored gate besieges bleeds not?

Old wrongs, old griefs, old days depart,—
The old dark days of man's despairing;
New motives thrill the quickened heart,
New love of man for man declaring.
No more the bondmen cringing crawl
Beneath the lash like driven cattle;
The new-born freemen fight and fall
Or win their own in righteous battle.

No more in vaunting Pride's crusade
Can deathless glory come with dying;
The new time's hero draws his blade
Where Freedom's holy flag is flying.
Hail, splendid dawn of nobler times!
Hail, sun of hope in heaven ascending!
Hail, Revolution's cure for crimes,
The chains of every tyrant rending!

Perhaps it is the intensity of feeling that the reader puts into his lines that prevents the usual iconoclastic discussion of this poem. At any rate, the company somewhat formally expresses its pleasure, and awaits the next number. The Poet summons the Student, a cheery boy of twenty, perhaps, who, a bit bashfully, explains that an eastern graduate had sent his college society, at Christmas, a box of Vermont maple sugar. The society had called upon its foremost poet to convey its thanks to its benefactor in verse, but the poet had declined the task as being beneath his dignity. The Student, who was known sometimes to string rhymes together by way of helping to celebrate a football victory, had volunteered to try his hand at the maple sugar job, and the society had liked his

verses. He hopes the Corner company will regard his explanation of their origin as an apology for their faults. The members assent, and the Student recites:

PRAIRIE TO MOUNTAIN

From far Green Mountain valleys
Across the midland hills,
Your sap o' sugar sallies
And cures our earthly ills.

Gift sent from haunts of childhood
To wanderers on the plain,
The river and the wildwood
You give us back again.

We see the kettles steaming,
We note each maple's flow,
And then we fall a-dreaming
Of girls we used to know.

* * * * *

Alas! that Fancy flying
On unencumbered wing
Should lead a man to lying
When he aspires to sing.

We never saw the mountains
That pierce the eastern air;
We never drank from fountains
Our cousins say are there;

We never trolled the river
Whereby the maples throng;
The spirit of the giver,
Mayhap, has shaped the song.

Enough; the fault confessing,
Let penitence atone,
And take a western blessing—
Our hand within your own.

"Not half bad," murmured the Philosopher. "There's a lot of fancy poets spinning fine-haired rhymes on abstract subjects that don't possess a quarter of the hearty human nature that our young friend has put into his maple sugar symphony. I used to help make maple sugar myself in the Ohio woods, and"—

The Poet apologizes for interrupting the Philosopher's reminiscences, but the rule for the evening forbids extended discussions, and, besides, he wishes to present the Lecturer, who will read an idyl of spring in the Cedar valley of Iowa. The Lecturer is not sure his audience will feel

like following him through a spring idyl, with the air outside at zero, and with the snow on the copings of the buildings opposite plainly visible from the Club's front windows. He is assured that no person could be more welcome in the Corner than one who can conjure up the magic of a June morning in midwinter. He reads:

AN IOWA IDYL.

"In this season there are few delights for an open-air man comparable to a walk at early morning along a shady country road, between fields of waving grain, in an atmosphere suffused with a hundred subtle and delicate odors. Just there in the dewy grass beneath the shade of the great elm a half-dozen red-headed woodpeckers are holding a convention. They exchange views in querulous tones, scatter to near-by trees, and begin tap-tapping at the bark for breakfast. While they are still grouped upon the grass you see a pair of wee, bright eyes glisten from the shelter of a bush, eight or ten feet distant. When the woodpeckers are finally dispersed, out from the bush hops Red Robin. He is plump, and sleek, and sleepy. He pauses where the grass is deepest, laves his breast in the dew, rises erect, shoulders back and chest thrust forward. Each feather stands out quivering; the dewdrops upon them shine like diamonds in the beams of the rising sun.

"You whistle the robin's call as nearly as you recollect it from the time back yonder when perhaps you and Robin went barefoot together in the pleasant country lanes. He is instantly alert, flies lightly to the top rail of the fence, and listens. You whistle again. His back is toward you, and he turns his head around over his left shoulder, peering brightly at you. He has felt the note of friendliness and sympathy

in your call, and is not afraid. He returns the call, whistling as only Robin can whistle. You remain where you stood, silent, and he turns away from you, daintily completing his toilet. This concluded he draws a deep breath, rises importantly to his full height, and—

"Was the transformation in you or in the bird? A moment past he was all airiness and exquisite grace. Of a sudden he reminds you of nothing so much as of a fat gentleman lighting his after-dinner cigar. He is so thoroughly self-satisfied, so excessively comfortable!"

When the Lecturer, with professional ease, has bowed himself back into his seat, the Book Maniac desires to know if the Poet is not prepared to read something of his own. "The evening will hardly seem complete lacking a love lyric from our impressionable young associate, he says. But the Poet is in a sterner mood, and brings his program to a conclusion by reading

THE HAPPY SKY

At midnight in the haggard street
Where Want and Vice together lie,
I look toward the happy sky
While Crime creeps past on tiger feet.

Where Want and Vice together lie,
And Sorrow hides her naked head,
By some primeval impulse led
Hope scans the heaven with wistful eye.

O Sorrow that with naked head
Flees past me ghost-like in the gloom,
Fast faring to a nameless tomb
In some great city of the dead;—

O Want and Vice that living die;—
O Crime by Want and Wrath decreed!
When shall man's quickened spirit read
Love's lesson in the happy sky?





A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN THE PINERIES

BY GUY M. BURNHAM

"MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 23, 1896.
"Chairman County Committee:

"Dear Sir—If you are making a poll of the voters in your county, will you kindly mail a copy of the list as soon as completed to me for use at this office?"

THE receipt of the above letter from the headquarters of the state central committee was the first formal notice that the campaign had begun. A poll of the voters was taken, and the name and address of every voter in Wildwood county was sent to headquarters. Then the state committee did its worst, and the mail clerks on the trains and in the postoffices acquired a habit of saying things in terms not reverential. The state central committee mailed each and every voter a daily paper, and from day to day bombarded him with speeches from the congressional record (in congressional franked envelopes), reprint, showing the extravagance and dishonesty of the opposing party when it was last in power in that state, columns on the subject of the good things accomplished by our state administration, typewritten letters urging the voter to throw himself into the breach with greater enthusiasm, and finally two days before election, every voter in the county received a typewritten letter urging him to get out and save his country on election day. A German paper was sent to every person, who from the spelling of his name, was supposed to be from the fatherland, and the Norwegian, Swedish and Polish brethren were equally remembered. Voters were also spurred to activity by such letters as this:

"Knowing the interest that you take in this campaign, and feeling certain that you desire to assist in the success of our entire ticket, please allow me to make one suggestion, which I believe to be of utmost importance. We must not feel too sanguine; it is a so-called "off year," and it is absolutely essential that we get the Republican voters to go to the polls. If you can only impress on these people from day to day, as you meet them, the importance of their vote, and secure a promise from them that they will get their neighbors out, success is assured. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time."

Finally four days before election the following letters were received from headquarters, which indicated the business-like methods pursued:

"You will pardon me if I call your attention once more to the importance of getting out a full vote, or as near as possible. The fact is, the Democrats are moving heaven and earth to get their men to the polls, thinking our people are indifferent. I have sent postal cards to 110,000 voters, which will reach them about three days before election, calling their attention to the importance of their vote, and giving reasons therefor. With a good vote success is ours without a doubt. The postmaster tells me to-night that the Democrats are filling up the post-office. I presume it is some dirty matter, sent out at a late date so that we will not have time to refute it."

This installment of 110,000 postal cards came, and were delivered, the suffering mail clerks breathed a sigh of thankfulness to heaven, and the campaign was over, so far as the literature of it was concerned.

THE LOCAL FEATURES.

The local campaigns, excepting in presidential elections, contain the chief features of interest. A novice in politics usually learns several things if he takes an active part in a campaign, especially if he has had no previous active experience. He will find that men are not only willing to be bought, but that they expect to be. He will find purchasable votes, purchasable newspapers and purchasable bosses. He will also find, especially if he is doing business in Wisconsin, that the word "beer" is spelled with a big B, and that Gambrinus is very mighty. Every saloon-keeper expects to be called upon by every candidate, not once, but many times. The candidates are expected to treat every man in the house, and no change is expected. The unfortunate candidate who hands the bartender a ten-dollar bill in payment for "treating the house" learns hereafter to hand out the exact change. A new chairman will find, too, that men expect to be paid for being delegates to conventions; that they will sell their votes after they are elected. Here is a bill that I received shortly after the county convention of Wildwood county had met and adjourned:

"Ockt. 24/98. Winnebojou, Wis.

"Dear Sir—In regart to ask fore expenses I had fore going up to Flambeau City fore Telagat comes to ten Dollares \$10 hoping you to help me out fore this in your favor. And I have a friend asking the same fore your favrs.

"respectfull Yours Truly," etc.

The writer of the above letter, who was a delegate to the convention, had been accustomed to receive pay for his services, and he saw nothing wrong in asking for it this time.

A particularly flagrant case I remember occurred several days before election, when an old farmer of foreign extraction drove into the city and asked for the chairman of the county committee.

"I live four miles from my voting precinct at Lowbridge," said he, "and I have a team and expect to drive in and vote on election day. Now, how much do I get for my time and my team's time?"

This man saw nothing wrong in driving twelve miles to ask this question. In close

campaigns timid political chairmen and "easy candidates" have usually paid such applicants.

Lumber camps in Northern Wisconsin are always a source of anxiety to political committees. Often times camps of one hundred men work from twelve to twenty miles from any voting precinct. The camps are put in but a short time before election, and the camp foremen are decidedly averse to their men voting. It means the breaking up of the camp, not for one day only, but for a week at least. A woodsman always has a good time when he is in the city, and his "good time" leaves him in a poor condition to resume work.

Some foremen try to speculate on their employe's votes. I remember a case. During the fall campaign of 1898, it was seen that the result would be very close. There were half a dozen lumber camps containing a hundred men each, and they were worth looking after. The foreman of one of these camps approached headquarters and announced that he was "favorable." He needed a "twenty," however, very bad. How would his camp go? Well, it would take a little money to fix things. Reaching over for a pen, he inscribed these words on a piece of paper: "\$1.50 per day for 100 men, \$150."

This was his ultimatum.

This particular boss was doomed to disappointment.

One particular Sunday, just as I was trying to fix my attention on the text, a Western Union messenger boy handed the usher a telegram for me.

"Telegraph me \$40, and I will send five barrels of beer into the country. Something must be done to wake up the voters."

The telegram was signed by a saloon-keeper in the village of —. At last accounts the order had not been given, and nothing was done in the manner suggested to "wake up the voters."

Purity in politics is, indeed, an iridescent dream, as Mr. Ingalls says, but campaign committees and candidates are not necessarily crooked. They have every temptation to be crooked, for "doubtful votes" too often means "purchasable votes." A saloon campaign has heretofore

been regarded as indispensable to success.

Under the "corrupt practices act" of 1897 caucuses are no longer of the hap-hazard, knock-down and drag out style. After thirty days' published notice, "preliminaries" are held in each ward of cities. Every voter in the ward, who voted for the political principles of the party at the last preceding general election, has the right to attend these preliminaries, which are held between the hours of 7 and 8 P. M., and has the right to propose names of candidates for delegates to the county or assembly convention, as the case may be. Every name proposed is placed in a ballot box, and at the end of an hour the names are drawn out one at a time, and are certified by the county chairman in the order of their being drawn, who forthwith prepares official ballots. Four days afterwards caucuses are held under the Australian ballot system, none but official ballots being used.

Between campaigns the official duties of the chairman of political parties are light. A few postoffice fights need attention, and the chairman is expected to sign the petition of each and every candidate for office. Petitions, however, have little weight in politics, as in anything else, for that matter, and three or four men in each county have more weight with the omnipotent congressman than all of the rest of the people together.

And so the chairman of political parties has little to attend to except the consideration of bad bills left over from the former campaigns. Most of these bills are for beer, although a respectable number are for alleged services of party workers in the interest of particular candidates. They are not paid for two reasons. First, because every campaign committee is bankrupt at the close of a campaign, and sec-

ondly, such bills as are not paid until after election are almost always pure bluffs. The committee of which I was chairman during the campaign of 1898 did not expend a dollar for liquors, and it elected all of its candidates but two. And still the saloon men, with an eye to business, endeavor to continue the impression that they are omnipotent.

Herewith are given two of the sample "itemized expense lists" as sworn to by the candidates:

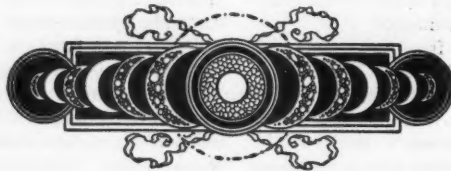
Election fund.....	\$35 00
Newspapers	15 00
Beer, cigars and hotel bill.....	40 00
Hack hire, hand bills and cards ..	35 00

Total.....\$125 00

Campaign fund.....	48 00
Newspapers	10 00
Band	2 00
Rig on election day.....	8 00
Rig	1 00
Paid a voter.....	2 00
Hotel bill.....	1 75
Postage, etc.....	33
Refreshments	50 00

Total.....\$125 00

The so-called "better class," including church-going people, are in a measure to blame for "dirty politics." The "respectable element," so called, takes little interest in politics, stays away from caucuses, goes to the polls on election day, when not too busy, and does nothing during the heat of the campaign. Both parties, therefore, are prone to attack where they think they can accomplish results, and this means work among the saloons and among the doubtful voters. If it were possible to organize the better elements of almost any city—permanently—corruption would be driven from our midst, and purity in politics would no longer be "an iridescent dream."





HURDY GURDY S AS TUNED BY LAW

BY HENRY C. LAHEE

THE appointment of a Music Commission by the city government of Boston has resulted in certain reforms, which show that still more is possible for the musical welfare of the people. The old saying, to the effect that the song-maker is more powerful than the lawmaker, may be carried a step farther, and include the song purveyor. Now, the purveyor of music who stands on the ground floor of the musical life of a civilized nation is the organ grinder. He visits the homes of the poor, he doles out music, more or less edifying, to the multitude; he reaches the children before they come under the influence of the public schools, and he holds in his grimy hands an immense power for weal or woe over the musical life of the people.

The Music Commission have realized that fact, and with commendable wisdom have communicated their views to the Police Commission, with the result that no street musician is to be allowed a license unless his instrument is in tune.

The summons to appear before the police and music commissioners December 1 created a great stir among the organ grinders of the North End of Boston. Immediately upon receipt of the notice they began to get the instruments into tune for the inspection. A look of bewilderment o'er-spread the faces of the swarthy foreigners as they lined up in single file before the musical critics. With license document and badge in hand, the grinders would pause before the board and await instructions. "Play up," would be the command, and then the sagacious inhabitant of Sunny

Italy would strike up "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner" or some other widely known and popular tune of the day. Extending in a long line before the commissioners were big hurdy gurdies, little hurdy gurdies, big men, little men, old men, young men, women and girls, all "ringing in" the silver pieces by grinding out musical pieces. No happier soul lined 'neath Boston sky on the evening of December 1 than the grinder whose instrument had been pronounced O. K. by the commissioners. As an evidence over the delight in the favorable decision by the inspectors the grinders living in the North End held a rousing jollification gathering the evening of December 1.

There is nothing much more agonizing to the sensitive ear than the strains of an untuned barrel organ, and if these organists are pouring into the ears of the nation horrible discords, as in the past, they are, from an aesthetic point of view, doing more harm than good. If, however, our children and our poorer people, for whom an expensive musical education is impossible, get accustomed to hearing instruments that are in tune, their musical taste will be cultivated, and there will be a distinct step upward towards a better musical life.

There are many who will sneer at these remarks, but it is none the less a fact that musical achievement in a nation depends on the breadth of the base on which it stands. There would be no use for Paderewskis, Rosenthals, Sarasates or Melbas in this great country unless a portion of the people were sufficiently cultivated musically to appreciate the work of these artists. Musical appetite feeds upon itself. The more people there are whose ears are trained to hearing good music (of which music played in tune stands at the beginning, no matter if it is only a variety show

song or a two-step), the greater will be the number who crave for better things, and the more good music will be forthcoming.

Thus, when the street musicians of Boston were ordered to appear on December the first before the music and police commissioners, and give samples of their wares, at the North End Park, the significance of the affair was much deeper than many people imagined. Only those whose instruments were in tune were allowed new licenses, and there were not a great many out of the one hundred and forty-six instruments in the trial that passed muster. It was estimated that over three hundred instruments would be presented for examination, but in order to avoid the inspection many of the wily organ grinders departed for New York shortly after they were notified to appear before the commissioners. There was, nevertheless a line of instruments extending for a quarter of a mile.

One hundred and forty-six mechanical musical instruments let loose upon a community may be the cause of much suffering. This number includes not only barrel organs and pianos, but accordions, orguinettes and concertinas, and the gathering proved to be one of the most unique and amusing affairs on record, bringing out some of the funniest features of human nature. Yes, the organ grinder is a human being, though some people have doubted it. The fact that the poor wretch will grind out discords from early morning till far into the stilly night would seem to deprive him of his right to a place in the human family, and consign him to the simian group, of which certain members frequently accompany him. But he is a human being; he takes pride in his work; he is industrious and frugal. He rejoices in the pleasure of other people. He grins like a genial fiend while the small children dance on the sidewalk, and he cannot be utterly condemned if he glares in hate when some sensitive householder with a musical temperament drives him away, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, and a thirst for vengeance indicated by each erect hair.

Many of these modern minstrels have regular routes, and can make a tolerably accurate estimate of the amount of money they will receive. They possess a wonder-

fully retentive memory for kindness, and never fail to appear regularly before the houses of those who have indicated by generosity their desire for entertainment of the kind.

It is to be feared that the street organ is not keeping up with the times in the matter of its selections. A few years ago the popular pieces most frequently heard were selections from the operas of the day. Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and Gounod, all were patronized by the street organ. To-day we hear such meretricious stuff as "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," "White Wings," and a great deal of very poor stuff. Occasionally, it is true, we hear the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," but this is merely the exception which proves the rule. Wagner and the more modern writers are totally ignored by those who adapt music to the exigencies of the street organ. Perhaps, in time, the Music Commission will establish a standard for the selections, and then the taste of the people will be cultivated to a better class of music. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven are as melodious as any composers, and while the idea of adapting selections from their works to the barrel organ would doubtless be painful to many musicians, yet the result on the community at large would be beneficial.

There seems to be a rather mistaken impression nowadays as to hurdy-gurdies and barrel organs, for these names are applied to instruments which do not belong to the families mentioned.

A hurdy-gurdy is an instrument of rather ancient origin; that is to say, it dates back to the ninth century. It has been a fashionable instrument, and during the eighteenth century was much used by the higher classes of the French, a fact which may reconcile us to our existence in America in the nineteenth century. Some years ago London was infested with hurdy-gurdy artists—small and dirty boys from the rural districts of Italy, whose art was displayed rather in the method of extorting coin from wayfarers and householders than in the production of music from their wiry-sounding weapons. The hurdy-gurdy is a descendant of the lute, having the tube shape, with a sort of keyboard, which is

manipulated by the left hand of the performer, while with his right he turns a handle operating a wheel, the surface of which is sprinkled with resin. This wheel rubs against the strings, and produces the necessary vibrations. As late as 1842 Donizetti, the composer, wrote two Savoyard songs in the opera, "Linda di Chamouni,"

upon our streets, dragged upon wheels by a man who usually smokes a clay pipe, and is accompanied by a woman arrayed in a brilliant costume, supposed to represent the garb of the Italian peasant. Why the man should wear the prosaic, conventional garb of America, a good deal the worse for wear, while his consort appears in the romantic



FROM THE PAINTING BY P. DURCK.

"SOME YEARS AGO THE CITIES WERE CROWDED WITH SMALL LADS FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS OF ITALY."

with accompaniment for the hurdy-gurdy. It is a matter for congratulation that the genuine hurdy-gurdy, if not entirely unknown in America, is at any rate not a prominent feature of musical life.

A step in advance of the hurdy-gurdy was the piano organ, which has developed into the remarkably powerful and brilliant instrument which may frequently be seen

costume of sunny Italy, and twiddles a tambourine is a matter not yet fully explained. This powerful instrument, with a technique which puts Paderewski in the shade, and a tone which rises superior to the greatest din of the city, is sometimes, and wrongfully, called a hurdy-gurdy. It can be classed as a barrel organ, for though it is not an organ, it is managed upon the

barrel principle, which in these days is also applied to many other instruments.

The original piano organ was an ineffectual little affair, about eighteen inches wide and perhaps two and a half feet high. It was carried on the back of the performer, who, when he unlimbered for action, rested the instrument upon a stick. It was the delight of our schoolboy days to bribe the piano organist to show us the works, and once we succeeded in getting the thing all to pieces in such a manner that it could not be put together again, and the enraged artist was obliged to tramp many weary miles to a place where the damage could be repaired.

There is an unanswered question in regard to barrel organs. Why are those organs which are accompanied by a monkey the most atrocious instruments ever let loose on the streets, unless we may mention the steam organ which accompanies the circus? Surely the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might do some good by prosecuting their owners, for it is morally certain that the poor monkeys would be better satisfied with more tuneful instruments, if, indeed, they are not driven to the verge of imbecility by the horrible discords emitted by these organs. The monkey organ should be abolished. It has no refining influence upon the community, rich or poor. Even the hurdy-gurdy is a nobler instrument. These monkey organs seem to be almost the worn-out relics of the most ancient and horrible street pipe-organs. Twenty or thirty years ago, before the piano organ, now commonly known as the hurdy-gurdy, had been brought to its present state of perfection, the pipe organ was most commonly seen, and it is not uncommon to-day. Many instruments were, and are, ornamented with fascinating pictures, at which the youth of the back streets would stare with open-mouthed admiration. Some of these represented military scenes, some luxurious feasts; some were tropical scenes, others flowers, ocean pictures, and a few were of beautiful women.

The number of selections for which the barrels are arranged varies from five to a dozen, and to a great extent determines the value of the machine.

Some organs even had performing figures, such as two or three couples energetically waltzing whenever the music was going on. It mattered not to them whether the rhythm was that of a waltz, polka or quick-step, or whether it was a march or opera air—they waltzed with a stern sense of duty as soon as the handle was turned. The writer remembers a very large street organ on wheels, which possessed a whole set of mechanical figures representing an orchestra, and these figures made appropriate motions during the performance. Barrel organs have been brought to a finer pitch of perfection than even the piano organ, which, after all is nothing more than a street instrument. But the barrel pipe organ has been used in churches, concert halls, and other places of amusement. Perhaps the finest specimen ever made was the Appollonicon, which cost about \$50,000, and was exhibited by its builders (Flight and Robson) at their rooms in St. Martin's Lane, London, for many years. It was begun in 1812, and was not completed until 1817. It contained 1,900 pipes, and gave a complete imitation of a full orchestra. In 1840, after having been on exhibition for nearly a quarter of a century, it was pulled down and destroyed. Since that day the mechanical improvements have been such as to enable the building of similar instruments at much less cost, but it is doubtful if one exists to-day as complete in every detail as the Appollonicon.

The good old instrument of torture of the middle of this century, the street barrel organ, had its headquarters in London, where the business was in the hands of a firm of manufacturers who owned a factory in the Black Forest of Germany. Here some of the parts were made. These were shipped to London and put together, and the organs were let or sold to Italians, who wandered far and wide. The industry has, in the past few years, spread to this country, and to-day most of the street organs used here are of domestic manufacture. The method of renting and selling is practically the same as it was in London. The artists who grind out music form a community of their own. Seldom is one to be seen who stands upright, for the carrying of a heavy

instrument on the back, or the dragging it on wheels through the streets, necessitates a stooping position, which after a time becomes natural. They make a good living, and very few of them show any desire to return to their native land, although many have plied the responsive crank for as much as ten or fifteen years.

The barrel organ has more to do with

than Beethoven or Brahms—that is, of course, an understood fact. Comparatively few people are cultivated to that pitch, and therefore the barrel organ is able to afford much pleasure to the great bulk of the population, if it is kept in tolerably good condition. "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," and there is ample opportunity for it to exercise its soothing func-



DRAWN BY W. H. UPHAM.

"PLAYED BY THE MAN WITH A CLAY PIPE AND ACCOMPANIED BY A WOMAN IN THE GARB OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT."

the musical life of the nation than many people, especially musicians, are willing to admit. That which brings melody into our back alleys, and a ray of happiness into our crowded tenement quarters, is doing missionary work, however much it may be working for his Satanic Majesty outside the windows of composers and literary men, and of those who possess season tickets to the Symphony concerts. Their sense of hearing has become painfully acute, and they cannot assimilate anything less classic

tions in the poorer districts of all large cities.

The restrictions placed upon organ grinders in Boston, by which organs cannot be licensed unless in tune, and ringing door bells to solicit money is forbidden, will not only give a measure of protection to the sensitive musician, but will also prevent the musical instincts of the less educated from becoming vitiated with horrible discords. The street organ, properly regulated, is a good thing.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE FROMENTIN.

ARAB ENCAMPMENT.



THE FRIENDS

BY CAROLINE A. POWELL

IN Miss Edgeworth's novel, entitled "The Absentee," there is an account of a lady who was an heiress to a large estate, and who also possessed considerable personal attractions. As a natural consequence, she was surrounded by suitors all eager to gain the honor of her hand. On one occasion, at an evening entertainment, when there were several of these gentlemen present, one of them, with the frankness of manners which belonged to the earlier days of this century, proposed that the man who should be the lady's partner in the dance she should also decide on as her partner for life.

"But how can I decide?" said Miss Broadhurst.

"I wish I had a friend to plead for me," said one of the suitors.

"Have you no friend of your own?" said Miss Broadhurst.

"Plenty of friends," said the gentleman.

"Plenty! Then you must be a very happy man," replied the lady, and went on laughingly to say that she would dance with the man who could convince her that he had, near relatives excepted, one true friend in the world.

The gentlemen were all sure that they possessed numbers of friends, but on being cross-examined by Miss Broadhurst "as to what their friends had done for them, or what they were willing to do, the friendship dwindled into a ridiculously small com-

pass." Finally one of the men presented incontrovertible evidence of a notable service and sacrifice performed for him by a friend whom he also dearly loved, and the heiress, conquered by his eloquence, gave him her hand as he finished speaking, and he led her off in triumph.

The lady's test was by no means without its merits, for the friends a man has are not untrue indications of his character. The old adage that "we are known by the com-

nothing to do with the question. Witness the friendships which have existed between kings and subjects, between rich and poor. It is not affected by youth or age, as is shown in the famous friendship, exceptional though it be, between Sir Walter Scott and little Marjorie Fleming; and wisdom or learning will not control it, for learned men have often had friends among the humble and ignorant. Friendships are made among those whose affections, ambitions



FROM THE SCULPTURE IN RELIEF BY FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, FIRENCE.
SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

pany we keep" is found to be correct wherever human hearts exist. Like seeks like, and we are only at home among those whose tastes, affections and aspirations are akin to our own. In fact, there is nothing more important than the making of friends, and the success or failure of a life has often hinged on the quality of the human associations formed.

Who can be friends? Who ought our friends to be? Wealth and station have

and aspirations are alike. There may be no distinction in life greater for us than to be able to say of a certain man or woman, he or she is my friend. There was a nobleman in England in Queen Elizabeth's time who wished the single epitaph to be written of him—"Friend of Sir Philip Sidney"; and the purer and more exalted our friend's character is, the more does it reflect lustre on us who are privileged to call him by that sacred name.

In our last paper we asserted what is a simple fact, namely, that of all men who have ever lived, Abraham is now the most widely known and the most revered. We are now to seek the reason for this world-wide fame, and to find it in the title by which alone the Arabs speak of him—"El-Khulil," The Friend. Friend of whom? And the wondrous answer is given, Friend of God Himself.

What! can God be the friend of mortal man? Can the Almighty, who is from everlasting, speak to the creature of a day as a man speaks to his friend? Even so it is affirmed of Abraham, and never man had

honor like unto this. What is kingly dominion or territorial possession, wealth, power or wisdom before such majestic distinction? And the fact that this exalted friendship was possible to Abraham, raises the whole race of which he was a member to a higher level. If God can be the friend of man, then man cannot be the creature of a day; he, too, must partake of the God-like and the seeds of the immortal must be in him. Let us recall the story of this remarkable friendship.

* * *

When a covenant of friendship was made

tween two persons in primitive times there was some ceremony or symbolizing of the act. In India a gift of a bracelet or a ring was exchanged, and in Syria what is known as a blood covenant was established. The two parties to the contract met and two papers setting forth the bond between them were drawn up and witnessed; then, by the aid of a lancet or other instrument, blood was drawn from the arm of each and affixed as a seal to the papers, each also putting the other's blood to his lips. The friends then rolled up the documents in a case prepared for the purpose, and thereafter wore it suspended from the neck or secured about the person. The bond thus made could be dissolved only by death. It was, in fact, considered stronger than the marriage vow, which might be set aside by divorce, but the covenant of blood never. This idea of covenanting through blood runs through the



FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN IN THE PIRACOTHER, MUNICH.

"THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CALLED FROM HEAVEN."

histories of all nations in all times.

The idea of certain kinds of sacrifice was connected with it, for a sacrifice was not always regarded as an atoning offering, but was often used in the registering of a vow and as an avowal of allegiance to a deity. We find traces of this old custom of blood covenanting to-day in the use of the marriage ring, which is placed on the third finger of the left hand because there was a notion extant in old times that there was a nerve in this finger which led directly to the heart. The Mass in the Roman Catholic church, the Holy Communion in the Episcopal, and the Lord's Supper in the Evangelical churches are also survivals of this old symbolism; the wine used in these services signifying the blood of Christ.

* * *

When God and man become friends the disparity between the situation of the two

is apparent, and if we regard man only as the possessor of a brief life here, the idea of such a bond becomes preposterous. But if man is really fashioned for eternal ends, if his life here is but an incident in a never-ending existence, then such a bond is possible and reasonable. But man, for the time, is in a state of almost complete ignorance, while his Heavenly Friend has complete knowledge. On man's side there is much that is incomprehensible, and this calls for large measure of trust. Here, then, is



FROM THE PAINTING BY PICTER 1840.

"THE GOD WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PROPITIATED BY THE OFFERING OF WHAT IS MOST PRECIOUS."

man's opportunity for friendship. There is no doubt that in this world it is not an easy matter to trust God. There is seemingly so much injustice, wrong and cruelty; the wicked are successful, the righteous are oppressed. But the friend who trusts is the true friend, and the friend who believes in us even when appearances are against us, is the friend above all others whom we love. This, then, was the situation between God and Abraham. The covenant of blood had been made between

them when Abraham had offered his sacrifice of slain beasts and had watched beside the carcasses all night until the revelation came to him. God had promised Abraham a son, that his posterity should be as the stars for multitude, and that of his race should come One who should be a Deliverer, a blessing to all nations.

Many years had come and gone since the promise had been made and repeated, but no signs appeared of its fulfilment, and meantime the lonely years were passing, Abraham was still childless, that condition so dreaded by the Oriental, and old age was coming on apace. At length after many years of patient waiting, Sarah became a mother, and Isaac, the child of promise, had at last come.

* * *

Fear, not love, was the keynote of the heathen world, and God was one who could be angry and revengeful, who might be propitiated and appeased, but whom one could not dare to love. Slowly and patiently God had set Himself to win Abraham's heart; and slowly and sweetly through the long years did the beautiful and divine secret dawn on Abraham's soul.

Abraham now at length thought that he understood his Friend. He was an old man, but Isaac was the heir of his house, and through him the blessing was to be transmitted.

The great men of other ancient nations were content to leave their impress on their own race and country; what heathen teacher or philosopher aimed at the uplifting of a foreign people? But Abraham dreamed of a blessing to all nations, an idea which many even now think to be only an enthusiast's vision.

But Abraham's long friendship had its result, and he who lives with God has a wide outlook. The years were full of happiness, peace and hope as Isaac grew to manhood. But when the son was about twenty years old a thunder bolt broke from the clear sky. The command came, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him up for a sacrifice in the place which I shall tell thee of."

Let us try to understand Abraham's position in this situation. The father in Oriental usage had the lives of his family at his disposal. He was supreme in his power, and if he thought fit to require the lives of any of his household, none would dispute



SCENE FROM THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERHAU.

SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.



FROM THE PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX.

FAITH.

his right, nor would he himself question it. Moreover, human sacrifices were not uncommon in the surrounding nations, and in many religions the god was supposed to be propitiated by the offering of the most precious possession. Human sacrifice, however, was never sanctioned by Jehovah, and Abraham had learned a purer mode of worship; but the idea was not foreign to him as it would be to us.

Abraham no more questioned his right to take his son's life than he questioned God's right to demand it; but he was quite in the dark as to His reason for such a request. What are we to think of God's part in the transaction, God who dwells in

light, ineffable, unapproachable, dealing with weak, ignorant, erring man? God has a right to ask the test of faith and loyalty to Him, seeing that man is liable to err; and there can be no greater dignity for man than to successfully stand the scrutiny.

The test is not one that could be applicable in our day, for the Instructor of the race adapts Himself to the stage of knowledge of the learner, and human sacrifice has long passed from our view as a religious rite.

God had honored His covenant friend by asking the hardest thing imaginable. How will the friend respond? Here is a dilemma over which reason cannot carry us and

knowledge utterly fails. It is faith alone which is equal to the emergency and marks the highest exercise of the human will. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" is the topmost stone of human experience, and saintly men and women in all ages, among all races, and in all religions, have exercised this sublime quality of which Abraham was so complete and shining an example.

* * *

He said no word to Sarah, his wife. She would have been overcome by grief, and would not have understood. He spoke to no one of his purpose, but rises early in the morning, saddles his ass and prepares the wood with his own hands. He wakens two of his servants and Isaac, his son, and tells them to accompany him on a journey. In the dawn of the morning, past the long line of servants' and herdsmen's tents, amidst the pleasant lowing of cattle and bleating of flocks, they set out for the designated place, three days' journey distant. Two days are spent in traveling on foot over the hills and valleys. Abraham is wrapped in silent thought, and Isaac and the servants dare not break in on his meditation. His path is dark and his agony of mind inexpressible. An Oriental prizes a son's life far more than he prizes his own, and Ishmael had already been torn from him. The problem of a childless old age once more confronted him, and how was God's promise to be kept? Fathers and mothers who have given up their own lives and their children's at the martyr's stake have gone through similar struggles.

At length, early on the third day, they reach the destined mountain, according to Jewish tradition Mount Moriah, afterwards the site of the city of Jerusalem and the place where Solomon's temple was built. Abraham tells the two servants to remain while he and his son ascend the hill farther to offer a sacrifice. He binds the wood on Isaac's back, and now the two, left alone, proceed up the mountain. Hitherto Isaac has made no inquiry of his father. All we read of him implies an unusually peaceful, meditative, gentle nature, singularly out of place in that rude and warlike time. The Isaacs of our race are apt to be undervalued in this world, where existence

is a struggle and the unresisting are pushed to the wall, but such as he reminds us that it is the meek who really shall inherit the earth.

Like a knife to his father's soul must have been the innocent, unsuspecting inquiry:

"My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" And there is a world of pent up anguish in the father's reply:

"My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

The ascent of the hill is made, and Abraham builds a rude altar of stone or turf. What passed between father and son was never told. Isaac was a youth strong enough to resist his father's will if he had been so minded, but the idea of questioning the father's authority or opposing it seems never to have occurred to him. When the heathen peoples whom they knew had offered up their nearest and dearest to the gods they worshiped, should they be slower in yielding homage? Priest or victim, which can we admire the most? Abraham takes the knife in his hand to slay his son.

But the trial has been pushed far enough, the great victory has been won, the grand final test of friendship has been approved.

The angel of the Lord calls from heaven: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything to him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

Whether we treat the story narrated as historical or simply symbolic, the great truth underlying it is still the same. The victory which overcomes the world is faith, for it conquers the boundaries of this world and lays hold of heaven. The sacrifice Abraham offered was not made out of fear, but from boundless love and trust in his Divine Friend; and in the exaltation of his action he becomes like God Himself, who afterwards proved His love to us by giving His only Son to die for the world.

In Abraham the finite lays hold of the infinite. God and man are on speaking terms, humanity takes on the semblance of divinity, and the saint standing on Mount Moriah with the sacrificial knife in his hand, is the most sublime figure in all history.



A HEROINE OF DESTINY

BY
ELMORE ELLIOT PEAKE

"**N**O, Miss Darroch, it is my honest conviction that you will never know the pleasures of love. Your heart will never flutter at the sound of some familiar foot-fall. You will never feel that which is more to a woman than crowns and empires."

This I said with just enough levity to free my speech of its sting, and with just enough indifference to leave my personality out of the discussion, for I believe the girl thought then that I was half in love with her.

"Oh, doctor, how sad!" she exclaimed, with a little mocking laugh that was anything but sad.

"It is sad," I went on, more seriously. "I would sooner be born without eyes than without a heart. Yes, if I had neither eyes, ears nor tongue I should be a more complete man than if I had no heart."

"Still, you must admit, doctor," returned Miss Darroch, with lurking roguery, "that one would be seriously handicapped at a seaside resort without those things you mention. And I don't believe you think me heartless. Honestly, I don't."

She rose from her reclining chair much as an empress might have risen from her purple couch, and stretched her arms languidly, knowing full well how to bring out every grace of her exquisite figure.

"To be quite candid," I answered, "I don't believe you have a heart."

"Well, doctor," she half yawned, "to be quite candid on my side of the house, I don't believe you know what you are talking about. Here comes a man that doesn't hold your opinion. He is going to ask me

down to the surf, and I am going. That man loves me. You need not take the trouble to look surprised. It is hotel talk, and you have heard it a hundred times. I don't love him. I couldn't if he were the only man on earth. How much do you suppose he weighs? One hundred and forty! Why, I weigh that myself. I will wager I can lift thirty pounds more than he can. In a foot race I could give him ten yards on the hundred and beat him."

She looked at me with a mixture of contempt and amusement, as if to say, "What manner of man is this for a woman to love?"

"Yes; but he is a mental giant," I ventured.

"Well, do brains make a man? Did you ever hear of one Plato? He is usually considered level-headed. I read him one summer in connection with the 'Duchess.' If I remember, he says somewhere that when a weak frame is the vehicle of a great soul, the whole animal is not fair, for it is defective; but a fair mind in a fair body is the fairest and loveliest of all sights. Now, is this specimen coming one of Plato's men? He is a great editor, they say, and molds the opinions of thousands; and yet he can't mold even poor little me, much as he wants to."

As she strolled away with Ward, the editor, I leaned back and lit a fresh cigar. When a summer nymph springs Plato on a man it is time for him to stop and reflect. Somehow, this woman, beautiful as she was, and affable, made me angry every time I looked at her. I suspect I was half jealous for my sex. We men have a way of arrogating strength and agility and ponderosity all to ourselves, and when a woman like

Miss Darroch measures up with us we feel ill-treated.

She had made me feel this way often, and several other indiscreet men around the Beach House, until I became so sensitive that I never offered to place a chair for her or carry a heavy package, but that I fancied she was inwardly laughing at me in her good-natured way. And yet, as she swung down the board walk, with long, graceful strides, I could not call her masculine. She had a grace that no man ever had, and a tact seldom found even in women. I could not recall a single instance of selfishness on her part, or any unmaidenly exultation over her athletic victories. She was not an Amazon, but a compact, cleanly-built little body, with a head of glossy light hair, little hands, little feet, and a clear, calculating eye. Her mouth, perhaps, was a little too firm for the average masculine taste. Still, it could wreathe itself into as sweet a rosebud as you would care to pluck; and, under proper husbandry, I have no doubt the ruby soil would have yielded a fair return in kisses.

And yet, confusion to her! there was poor Ward, loving her with all his heart, and hoping, hoping, hoping, while she was mentally gauging his narrow shoulders, or sounding his shallow chest.

That night I charged her with cruel coquetry toward Ward, called her attention to the fact that love at his age might be serious, and advised her to end his misery.

"But would it be modest to refuse him before I am asked?" she replied, more seriously than usual.

"But you encourage him," I complained.

"I do not, sir. On the contrary, I discourage him; but he has reached that stage where pride does him no good."

"I should like to see the woman that could put me into that pitiable condition," I snorted, the old sex jealousy flaming up.

"So should I, doctor," she answered, with perfect good nature. "I suspect she exists, and she may not be half as pretty as I." Thus pluming her egotism, she bent her head low to peep into my sternly averted eyes; and I, spoiling her, laughed back.

About a week later a new guest registered at the Beach House—Charlie Driscoll—a tall, well-built young fellow, with a rather

florid complexion and thin, light hair. He was easy-going, and, I suspect, even lazy. A cigar was usually between his teeth, and sometimes a pipe. He was a fine hand at billiards, and never refused a game of cards. He lost or won at either with equal indifference, and I never saw him angry. He would seldom argue long with anyone; but, with all his yielding, he impressed one with a sense of reserved power. As a matter of course, he at once jumped into popularity with the male members of our summer colony. But to the charms of the women he was as dead as the man in the moon.

It was in the surf that I first had an opportunity to observe his athletic limbs—not huge and knotty muscle, but long, straight, clean fibre, indicative of endurance and agility. It was therefore with considerable pride that I led him up to Miss Darroch and introduced him.

"Do you swim much?" she asked, that being her usual method of saluting a new acquaintance in the surf.

"Some," he answered modestly.

"Suppose we swim out?" and I thought her eye twinkled at me.

He assented, and I soon saw their heads bobbing afar out. Half an hour later I found her sitting up on the sand, taking a breathing spell.

"Did you know it, doctor?" she asked, with a laugh.

"Know what?" I demanded.

"That Mr. Driscoll is a champion swimmer?"

"I don't know it yet," I answered, but beginning to feel amazingly tickled. "He has been here a week, and I haven't seen him beyond the life-line before. What about it?"

"Oh, nothing; only—only," she confessed with a charming chagrin, "he wanted me to swim out to the lightship. Think of it! I expressed fears of giving out, when he very kindly assured me that he could take care of us both. He made the trip alone."

I rubbed my hands in glee, mentally—not a very chivalric performance, I must admit—and eagerly looked forward to further surprises. They were not long in coming. Driscoll had entered the bicycle races to be held that week on a neighboring track. Miss Darroch kindly consented to favor me

with her company. As the different contestants appeared upon the track, she criticized their build and development with considerable acumen. She was evidently not aware that Driscoll was to ride; and when he stepped out of the trainers' quarters, stripped to the skin, as perfect a specimen of physical beauty as I have ever seen, I watched her closely. She actually gave a little gasp; her eyes lighted with admiration, and her cheek, usually rather impassive, responded with a glow. She leaned over and whispered in a little, scared voice: "Doctor, there is a man I could love."

"There is an animal you could love," I corrected.

"Man is an animal," she returned, with her eyes on Driscoll, "and if he is not a perfect animal he is not a perfect man. When God made Adam, I take it he made a man something like that one."

Driscoll rode in four races, winning all but the third. As he came under the wire the last time, a beautiful finish of only about a length ahead of second, Miss Darroch jumped up excitedly, clapped her hands, and threw him a rose, which he acknowledged with a grave bow.

From that day Driscoll spent less time in the billiard hall and card room. The reason for his absence was no secret, for he and Miss Darroch soon became inseparable. They wheeled together, bathed together, drove together, played tennis together, ate, read and lounged together. But both he and she had too much sense to be selfish in their love, and I was very often admitted to the society of the enamored pair. In this way Driscoll and I soon became so intimate that one night, over our cigars, I felt safe in asking his opinion of Ethel.

"Well, doc, I guess you know," he answered, with his open, easy-going smile. "I love her, and she loves me. She is the only woman I ever did love, the only woman I ever could love, and—we are very happy."

I almost pitied him, and yet, if I am to tell the truth, I would have changed places with the unlucky dog. A day or two later I took occasion, just to satisfy my prying mind, to ask Ethel what she thought of Driscoll.

"I fancy he has told you what *he* thinks I think of you," she answered, looking at me keenly, "and he thinks right. We are to marry. Can I say more?"

"There is no use in being so sharp about it," I answered, slightly nettled.

"Forgive me, doctor," she exclaimed, penitently. "But lovers are so jealous of outsiders. I love him, doctor, very, very dearly. But you know that."

"And you will always love him, do you think?"

"Forever," she answered fervently.

"Even unto the day when that beautiful body is shrunken, bent and yellow with age?"

She turned as pale as death, and a pitiful terror filled her eyes. Then she burst forth vehemently: "Dr. Eaton, for God's sake, I beg of you never again to suggest that horrible image to my mind. It will haunt me for days. I am not a butterfly simply because I love the sweets of life. I know that noon follows morning, and night follows noon. Never, never, if you are a friend of mine, speak in that way again."

About a week after this interview, Driscoll was called to the city by his business, but promised to be back in two weeks. It devolved upon me to cheer his sweetheart's lonely hours, and this I could best do by talking of Driscoll. It completely won her heart, and she confided her most sacred thoughts to me with a confidence of which I felt unworthy. I remember one night she was telling me how, when Driscoll held her in his arms, she felt him a master, and herself his slave—a slave that dreaded nothing but freedom. "He can swim further than I, you know," said she; "he can run faster; he can throw me with one arm."

"But is that all?" I asked, sorrowfully.

"Oh, no. He doesn't kiss me as often as I am sure he wants to, while I *have* to kiss him sometimes. There he is master. You know how kind he is; but sometimes as I sit and look at him, when he is thinking of something else, I am afraid to touch him. Then, I begged him to let me go yachting last week, and even cried. But he only said 'No; it's too squally.' I know that it hurt him, too, but he was master of himself. He didn't get angry when Mrs. Samuels accused him of going inside the floats in the

sculling race, though I could have pulled her hair out. I asked him if he would stop smoking for my sake, just to try him, you know. He just said: 'No, sweet, for it will do you no good,' and lit another cigar and blew the smoke in my face. It isn't every man that could refuse his sweetheart that way, is it?—when he loves her so."

Things were really beginning to look hopeful.

About the eighth day of Driscoll's absence, word came that he had been thrown from a carriage and injured. I did not know how seriously, but I broke the news to Ethel with so much indifference that she took no great alarm. Driscoll wrote to her almost daily, and to me frequently, promising each week that the next one would see him back. In this manner nearly six weeks passed. Ethel became very restive under his inexplicable delay, and I myself began to entertain apprehensions. At last I got a letter from him stating that he would arrive at the beach on Saturday. It ended with these ominous lines: "Doctor, you must see me before Ethel does. Poor little girl! Take her away somewhere for the afternoon, telling her that I shall be there the day following."

All this was very mysterious, but I took Ethel out driving on Saturday, as directed. She was entirely happy to learn that Charlie was coming so soon, but asked, reproachfully: "Why didn't the naughty boy write me?"

When we got back, an hour after train time, I slipped into the office to ascertain if Driscoll had come. A stranger, who had evidently been waiting for me, quietly stepped forward and conducted me upstairs. Pausing before a door on the second floor, he explained: "I am Mr. Driscoll's physician. I suppose you are in a measure aware of his condition?"

"I know nothing whatever about it," I answered, with a sinking of heart.

"Well, sir, he is a helpless cripple for life," he answered. "He knows it now. I will wait outside, at his request."

Poor Driscoll! Poor Ethel! It was not his pale, emaciated face that forced an uncomfortable lump into my throat as I entered the room; nor his thin, puny hands on the coverlid, nor even his wasted,

crooked limbs and body that I could discern all too plainly through the thin summer covering. Bad as all these were, it was the haggard, hopeless look in his eyes that cut my pity to the quick. For the moment my professional habits deserted me, and I stood as one looking upon his first sight of suffering.

"Is not this awful, doctor? Is not this awful?" he whispered, as I took his hand.

"It is very sad, my poor fellow. But you are not done for yet," I answered cheerfully.

"No, not yet; but if it scares her; if it kills her love; if she looks at me in a certain way that I've been dreaming about—then I'm done for doc. I'm just waiting to see. Bring her up. I'm prepared. I have been waiting for this hour for weary weeks. If she loves me yet—how sweet that word sounds now!—if she loves me, I will laugh at it all. You had better tell her all first, old man, for I must look terrible; and it is not in human nature not to be shocked by such a change. Look at my hands—claws! My face—a dead man's! I weigh only a hundred pounds—a living skeleton! You tell her all, doc; but don't tell her that she *must* love me. That won't do. And listen: I'm afraid—I'm afraid. O God, doctor! I have waited so long, and fought this battle so often in my sleep, that sometimes I lose my grip. I look afraid; I know I do. But I won't be when she comes up; don't you fear. But—but sometimes I think she loved me mostly because I was so strong. Did it ever strike you that way, old man? Now go and bring her up, and let's have it all over."

My heart was melting, and I would have given a thousand dollars to be honorably relieved of the task he gave me. But I answered: "Very well, my boy. But be a man, whatever comes. I know you can. Take that hopeless look off your face. Confidence is half the victory. You mustn't prejudice your case in that way. Be a master yet."

"That's so," he assented, with a faint smile. "I must do better. Yes, I will do better than that."

"That's good. And now we will straighten up the bedclothes, and get everything neat." The neatness I was after was to hide



DRAWN BY W. H. UPHAM.

"POOR, POOR BOY!" SHE MURMURED, "I AM MASTER NOW."

as much as possible his emaciated condition, for I know how permanent are a woman's first impressions. His wits had evidently not been impaired by his sickness, for he stopped my work with a deprecating gesture. "Mistaken kindness, old man," said he, ruefully. "I can't have any deception, because she will know it all some time. Let the worst come first. Now go, and let's get done with it."

I found Ethel pacing the porch, and wondering where I had gone. "Charlie didn't write to-day," she stated at once. "I suppose the lad thinks I don't need a letter, I am to see him so soon."

"I have a better explanation. He has changed his arrangements. In fact, he is here now."

"No, doctor!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

"Yes. I have just come from him, and I

am to take you up. He has been very much sicker than either of us suspected, and he is yet in bed. His injuries are really very serious. There is no danger of death ensuing, but he has changed greatly. He is in a weak condition, and very thin. You must be a brave girl when you go into his room, for his recovery depends largely upon his mental condition. In his fall his spine was injured."

"Not—not permanently, doctor?" she faltered.

"Yes, my dear child," I answered, sympathetically. "His physician fears he is a cripple for life."

At my first subdued words a pallor had overspread her face. As I went on, I saw that a wild, panicky fear was taking possession of her, in the clutch of which she was perfectly helpless. At my last crushing words she shook violently and sank into a chair. For full two minutes—and it seemed much longer—she gazed vacantly upon the blue expanse of water. I gently stroked her hair, for mere physical contact with such mercurial natures is soothing. At last she leaned her head upon the rail in a broken manner, and whispered: "I am ill, doctor. Can you give me something?"

"Sit still. It will pass in a moment," I answered encouragingly. "Now, my dear girl, listen to me: You have dreamed of heroes all your life, and you have wished you were a man, that you might be one. But heroism knows no sex, and anybody will serve as a vehicle for the spirit. We don't all have chances to display heroism in a signal way. But your chance has come. If you fail, the world will never know it. If you win, the world will never know it. But you will know it. As long as you know anything you will know that you are not of that stuff of which greatness is made; and for you to dream further of shining deeds will be mere mockery of your own weak spirit. Heroism is not compelled. Christ might have fled from Gethsemane and been forgotten centuries since. You pledged your faith to Charlie when, doubtless, many

another woman would have been glad to do the same. It is only a few that would love him now. And yet, if you are to fail, now is the time to do it. Let no false honor thrust you into a place which you are too small to fill. It requires mere integrity to keep your pledge, but something greater to keep the love behind that pledge. If you are that great, here is my hand, and God bless you."

When she raised her head, I could have thrown my hat to the ceiling. Her brow seemed glorified with something almost sublime, and her eyes were radiant with a peaceful, happy light.

"I can do it," she murmured joyfully. "Thank God, dear friend, I can be great. Take me to him."

She followed me upstairs with a face so tranquil that Driscoll's physician, who stepped into the hall at our approach, called me to one side, and said somewhat sharply: "She must be prepared before she goes in. The shock would be dangerous to both of them."

"She knows everything," I answered proudly; and with an exclamation of admiration, he turned and admitted us.

Ethel stepped in first. As she looked at the sick bed her expression did not change, except that her eyes lit up with an ineffable yearning. She stood in silence for what seemed a long time, with her glance fixed unwaveringly upon Charlie. He did not stir or speak, but his great blue eyes, larger now than ever, shone from his pale face with the luminosity of two stars. Then a swift stride or two, and Ethel sank upon her knees at the bedside. She took his thin cheeks between her hands as one might fondle a babe; and, with a tenderness that was almost mother-love, she kissed him just once—a kiss so delicate, ethereal and transcendently pure that an angel would not have scorned to use it at the gates of heaven.

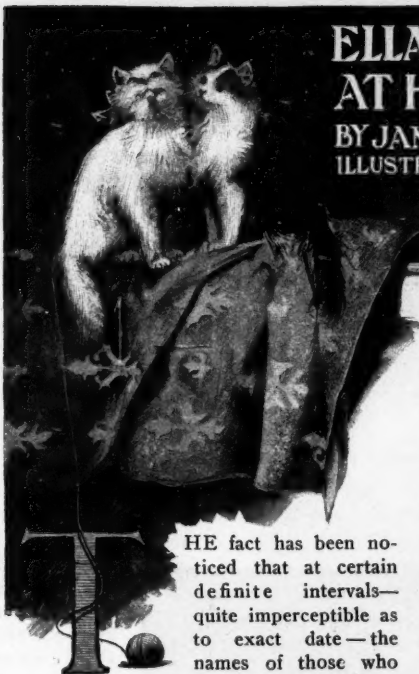
"Poor boy! Poor, poor boy!" she murmured. "I am the master now, and he shall never, never leave me any more."



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX AT HOME

BY JANE MARLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER L. GREENE



THE fact has been noticed that at certain definite intervals—quite imperceptible as to exact date—the names of those who make literature crystalize. It is a subtle process—this formation of literary fame—and the names at times quite hidden in mediocrity or shadowed by merciless criticism burst forth as foremost in literature. When that time arrives, the public curiosity is awakened concerning personality, for, after all, it is personality that interests and appeals to the individual. The craving to know something about public personages is justifiable, and especially in the case of a writer who has appealed to one's sympathies, and who has helped us in different phases of our lives. Such a one becomes to us like a personal friend, and such is Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the subject of this brief paper.

Mrs. Wilcox is distinctively first and always a woman's woman, her friend always, and she is never so happy as when surrounded by those of her sex who are gifted. She is their help, their inspiration, and women beyond number have been elevated to a better, broader life by her melodious songs or by her kind words of encouragement. None so humble as not to appeal to

her generous nature, and once proven worthy, they are never found wanting.

In her summer home, "The Bungalow," at Short Beach, a pretty cottage perched high upon a bluff and commanding an extended view of Long Island Sound, the poetess spends her happiest days. Here she is always the centre of a select coterie of interesting men and women, who have placed their names high up on the ladder of literary or artistic success, and here to her friends less talented she holds out the hand of hospitality and brings them into the charmed circle to sit at the feet of wisdom and go forth with renewed interest in life and the world. To her graciousness, consideration and help are recorded many successes in the field of poetry and the drama, although Mrs. Wilcox always "disclaims any credit. She is utterly without selfishness or jealousy, and deceit is not in her vocabulary.

At "The Bungalow" Mrs. Wilcox writes, swims—for she is an expert swimmer—entertains her guests—there is always a house full—plays with her beautiful Angora cats, "Banjo" and "Goody," and makes an ideal home for her husband, Mr. Robert Wilcox, a delightful man of affairs, a student, and her close companion. "Mr. Wilcox is my best critic," the poetess avers, and those who come into their home atmosphere feel that Mrs. Wilcox's married life has been one continuous sweet song.

The pretty vine-covered cottage is rightly named "The Bungalow," for both its exterior and interior suggest the Orient. A broad porch surrounds the little house on the bluff, and the stone steps that lead up to the court, guarded by two griffins, are bordered with clinging vines and sweet flowers. As the breezes from the Sound creep around the balcony, weird, enchanting music steals forth from every corner,



THE SUMMER HOME AT SHORT BEACH, LONG ISLAND.

and you look around mystified. It is the wind harps, brought from Germany, and their lord and master, the wind, touches their strings according to his mood—soft and gentle as a baby's breath or wild and turbulent as the surging sea. Comfortable lounging chairs, hammocks, cosy corners invite perfect rest, and on the old oak table upon which, on bright days, lunch is served are cut names of Mrs. Wilcox's guests—poets, novelists, dramatists, artists and prominent stage

folk the world over, for Mrs. Wilcox is a cosmopolite. The living room of the quaint

and interesting home is fascinating as its hostess. Here are rich Oriental hangings, Venetian lamps, tapestries and curios from all parts of the world. Books are everywhere, and in one corner a delightful old fireplace, with antique fire dogs, suggests many a pleasant evening by the fire when the air is too chilly for the porch. A winding staircase leads to a prettily draped loggia, and in



INTERIOR OF HER COTTAGE "THE BUNGALOW."

the rear is Mr. Wilcox's den, a sunny room above stairs. The whole house is full of Mrs. Wilcox's personality; it is restful, homelike, original, for the singer is never conventional in dress, in thought and in action.

One of her most distinctive points is the character of her hands. They are not only sensitive and expressive, but beautiful as well; so perfectly chiselled as to appeal to the artist and sculptor, and are exquisite in the refinement of their outlines. The story is told that her mother compelled her little daughter to wear gloves while at play, and this called forth unkind remarks from her small companions, and much grieved the soul of little Ella. Her mother comforted her by saying, "You will be famous one day, my dear, and the little hands must be kept white and beautiful for the great songs they will write and the sweet harmonies they will evoke bye and bye."

As a writer, Mrs. Wilcox occupies an enviable place among the latter day poets, and her novels in verse, "Maurine" and "The Three Women," suggest Lord Lytton in their melodious rhythm. They are dainty yet forceful, worldly yet philosophical, and underlying all there is a strong moral. Mrs. Wilcox is a moralist, a philosopher, a dreamer. Her poems are in constant demand, and her songs as much sought after as when she first commenced to sing, when a trifle over eight years of age, away out in her Wisconsin home. If she had never written another line, her beautiful poem, "The Birth of the Opal" would have immortalized her:

"And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
And led her to Love's own feast;
And they were wed on that rocky bed,
And the dying Day was their priest."

"And, lo! the beautiful opal—
That rare and wondrous gem—
Where the moon and sun blend into one,
Is the child that was born to them."

The sunbeam, with its radiant colors, the moonbeam with its pale, opalescent light—the conception is of surpassing beauty. Mrs. Wilcox is an arduous worker, and every morning finds her at her desk, for she believes that the road to success is paved with rough stones, and that the only way to make a name for yourself in any



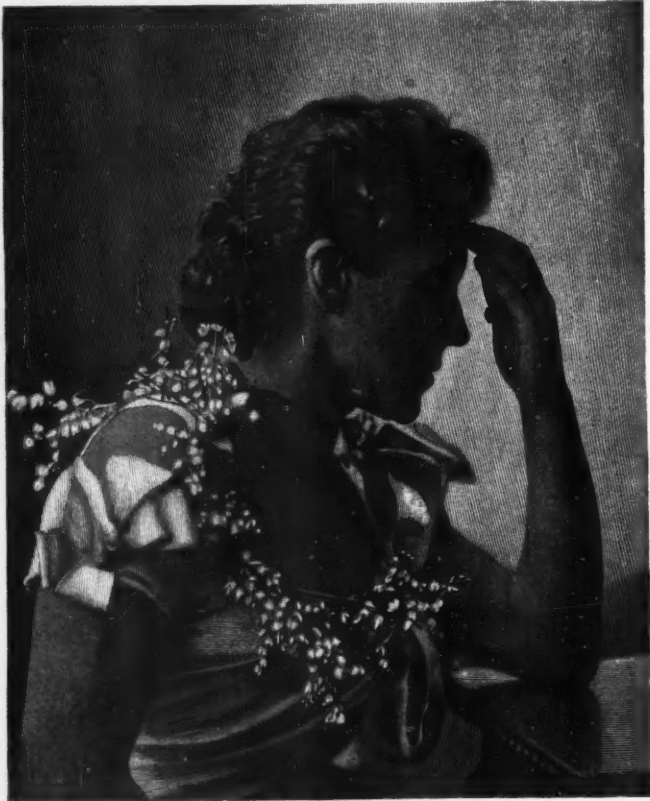
ON THE WAY TO THE BEACH.

walk of life is by hard, persistent effort. While many of her verses have been almost inspirational, others have been carefully planned and thought out, especially the longer and more pretentious poems. As a writer of prose, Mrs. Wilcox is equally successful, her novel, "An Ambitious Man," being well received by the press and public. Several of the leading dailies pay her enormous prices for weekly letters or for her opinion on any important or unusual question. With all her fame, she is utterly without conceit, and is as pleased as a child

When we come to a consideration of Mrs. Wilcox's literary biography we find that it practically dates from her birth. She was born with a desire to write. At fourteen her sketches, essays and stories, crude in many respects, began to appear anonymously and unpaid in the *New York Mercury*. Two years later she was contributing poetry to several of the leading magazines, and enjoyed at least a local reputation. The first poem accepted raised a

of temperance poems called "Drops of Water," and with this sudden influx of wealth came the determination to make her talents of value toward meeting the demands of the household. Shortly she found herself writing profitably enough to furnish many a comfort for the home. Eight poems were sometimes written in one day, and two were an idle day's achievement.

With all the crudity and artlessness of

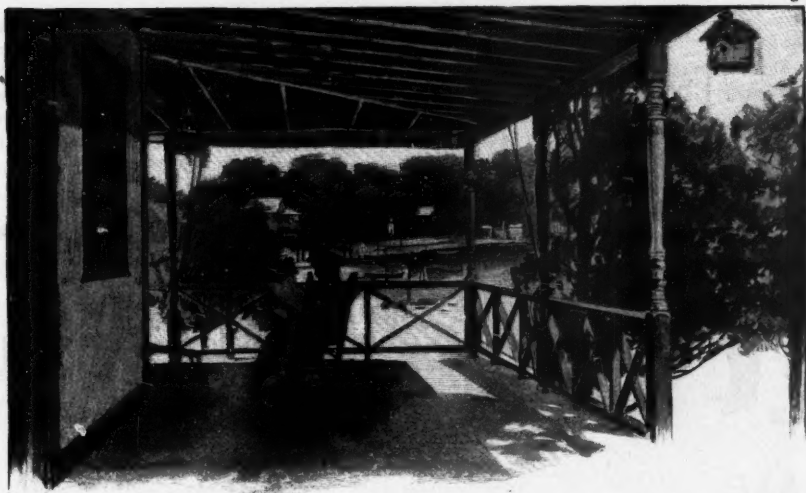


MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

doubt in the editor's mind whether so strong a work could be genuine, coming from so young a writer. With the check came a question relative to this, but satisfactory proof was immediately forthcoming.

At sixteen she received \$100 for a volume

these early poems many of them are surprisingly true to human emotions. The child saw and felt better than she knew. She was in those young years an unwitting priest of nature, and "the earth and sky and hills did seem to her appared in



ON THE COTTAGE PIAZZA THE POETESS SPENDS HER HAPPIEST HOURS.

celestial light, with the glory and the freshness of a dream."

The first collection of her poems called "Shells" was published when she was barely twenty. The book is now out of print. It brought her no remuneration and much disappointment. At just about this time of her life she came under the influence of "Lucile," and with the purpose of writing a novel in verse that might rank with it, she wrote "Maurine." It met with scant success, and for a number of years discouraged her completely.

With the spirit of humiliation strong upon her, she came gradually to the conviction that only a humble niche would be hers to fill in the singers of the world. Under the influence of this mood she wrote "Poems of Passion." Immediately a tempest of praise showered itself upon her. She had written of human nature as she had found it, and there were many in the world who had seen and felt like herself. The book went rapidly through many editions. To-day it stands as one of the most widely appreciated volumes of American poetry. Although published something like fifteen years ago, it still retains its hold on the emotional in heart.

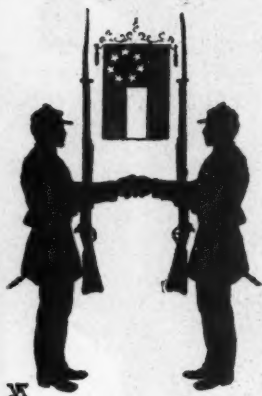
A recent fragment from Mrs. Wilcox which appeared in *Truth*, shows how successfully epigrammatic she is in epitomizing the length and breadth of itself into a line or so of verse:

A FRAGMENT.

A trusting little leaf of green,
A bold, audacious frost,
A rendezvous, a kiss or two,
And youth forever lost,
Ah me,
The bitter, bitter cost!

A flaunting patch of vivid red
That quivers in the sun,
A windy gust, a grave of dust—
The little race is run.
Ah me,
Were that the only one!

Concerning the origin of her poems Mrs. Wilcox says she cannot tell whence most of them come. They drop unheralded into her mind as sparkling ideas that thrill her fancy, often as definitely expressed as if implanted verbatim by a whisperer. Her usual method is to let them slowly sprout within her thought, for they never slip from her memory while growing, until fully shaped. Then, for the first time, they are put on paper as rapidly as she can write.



Stories of a Confederate

By a Prominent Secessionist

III.—THE COMING OF THE WARSHIPS.

WE had conquered. Sumter had fallen; and fallen, be it said, almost wholly under the fire of forts constructed and guns manned by the people of South Carolina. There was much said during the civil war, both by bitter enemies and ungenerous allies, belittling the courage, self-sacrifices, and services of the men of South Carolina. Whether deemed creditable to her or not by the well informed reader of history, he must perforce admit that South Carolina had "the courage of her convictions;" dared to defy the whole power of the United States; reduced a great Federal fortress, in plain sight of a relieving fleet, and that these things were done while Virginia, the greatest state of the proposed confederacy, was still undecided as to her attitude in the impending struggle.

Had Virginia, like Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, remained lukewarm, neutral, or divided, after the fall of Sumter, the great decisive battles of the war would have been fought in the Carolinas, and in all human probability largely around the city of Charleston, the self-devoted victim of Federal retribution. Those of us who reflected upon these things felt, despite the flush of victory, and the glow of exultant heroism, something very like a chill, as we realized that our action might fail to arouse

and unify the southern and border states, and was certain in that event to marshal against us the entire and angry might of a united North. We had chosen to fight rather than to submit, when we decided to open fire on Sumter. To use the words of Horace Greeley: "Whether the bombardment and reduction of Fort Sumter shall or shall not be justified by posterity, it is clear that the Confederacy had no alternative but its own dissolution."

Capt. Abner Doubleday, who, even at that time, was esteemed an accomplished artillerist, was reported to have said, in the early days of the isolation of Fort Sumter, that he "could drive the men from the guns of Moultrie in twenty minutes." Whether this was really said or not, the firing between Moultrie and Sumter was looked upon in Charleston as a kind of duello between Ripley and Doubleday, and when the fort was evacuated Ripley was put in charge. Edmund Ruffin, the venerable Virginian secessionist, who had fired the first cannon shot at Sumter, was, at his own request, made a part of the garrison, as a volunteer private of the Palmetto Guards. Little did he imagine, in his hour of supreme triumph, that four years after he was to deliberately seek death, as Brutus did, overcome with the burdens of life and great disappointment, and determined not to survive the lost cause.

Colonel Ripley at once began to clear

* The first article of this series, "The Birth of the Conflict," appeared in the November issue. The articles are a personal account of some unpublished matter regarding the inner workings of the Confederacy.

away the wreckage of guns and carriages, the debris of masonry and expended missiles, and the ruins of the blackened and ruined barracks. This work was done both quickly and thoroughly, and by the middle of autumn Sumter was stronger than ever, and mounted more and better guns than its engineers had ever proposed for its completed armament.

From its earliest occupation this garrison never relaxed its vigilance, and on the

nearly ninety years, and totally blind, was led to the sacred desk at St. Phillip's, and, solemnly giving thanks, said, with something of his old firmness and impressiveness, "Your boys were there, and mine were there, and it was right that they should be there. They had laid their cause before God, and God has most signally blessed their dependence on him." So, too, a Methodist divine, on hearing the news of the bloodless victory, gave thanks upon his



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WALKER BY THE UNION FLEET, NOV. 7, 1861.

very next night after Anderson's departure rockets thrown up near Stono alarmed our outlying pickets and guard-boats, which watched day and night for an enemy, who did not come in force until many months had elapsed since the bombardment of Sumter.

THE UNANIMITY OF OUR PEOPLE.

Religion had hastened to solemnize our triumph, and while at the great cathedral of St. John and St. Finbor the "*Te Deum*" rolled out its full tide of solemn triumph, the venerable Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Charleston, the Right Reverend Frederick Davis, bowed with the weight of

sick bed, and claimed that God had heard the appeal of the Southern people and would award them the victory.

The women of the South, too, brought to the general self-sacrifice their beauty, money, effort and influence, the latter alone being a factor in the glamour and witchery of those early days of the war, whose power and importance have never yet been sufficiently recognized by any historian. There were but few indeed who did not honestly and intensely believe that South Carolina had a perfect right to secede; and that the Federal government, if it sent an army into the South, would send a horde of cruel, relentless and brutal soldiery

to ravage, destroy and humiliate their people.

That a love of freedom, a high and semi-religious devotion to our homes and our native state, and a sublimed if somewhat provincial and quixotic gallantry intoxicated us in those days, I cannot doubt, and I believe that never, until the last day of doom effaces forever all mortal ties and emotions, will any people gather to invoke the dread arbitrament of the sword with a more perfect trust in the justice of their cause.

A SUMMER OF GLAMOUR AND ROMANCE.

For, as I have before intimated, even now, as I look back to the late spring and early summer of 1861, my heart seems to thrill again with the strange charm and almost painful excitation of that crucial epoch in American history.

The warm, mild days; the gentle winds, salt from the sea, or odoriferous from swamp and garden; the warlike vigils and perils, past, present and to come; that strange *liesse* and indifference to the future incident to military training, and provocative of indolence which is not laziness, and that exhaustive effort of body and brain, which is not ordinary industry, come back, associated with the great throngs of the beautiful Battery promenade, moonlit, and pervaded with the sweet strains rendered by the Charleston Band, and perchance made a very Elysium by the presence of some whose friendship or love have, alas, forever passed away out of the later trials of a waning life.

There is no Northern soldier, reader of "The National Magazine," who will not recognize a like experience, albeit north instead of south of Mason and Dixon's line; and the women of the North who were girls and maidens then will still remember and realize what it was "to have lived and loved" in those great days; yes, alas! and what it was to suffer also.

VIRGINIA SECEDES.

Four days after Anderson's departure we were cheered by the secession of the great state of Virginia, and by the encouraging and enthusiastic congratulations which were showered upon us from every South-

ern city. Men continued to pour into Charleston, and enlistments were easily secured. Wealthy men gave liberally toward the equipment of companies, and in many organizations gentlemen of the first respectability and great wealth often served as privates.

THE COMMON PEOPLE DID NOT EXPECT WAR.

Even the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers, the appropriation of millions of dollars, the levying of myriads of men by the legislatures of the Northern states, and the reports of unwonted activity at arsenal and dockyard, failed, even "after Sumter," to convince most of our people that a long and bloody war was imminent. They expected to be called upon to bombard Fort Pickens, and possibly to occupy Fortress Munroe, Washington, and other Federal territory and fortresses lying within the limits of the slave states; but they did not generally believe that the North would fight against claims which, to the average Southron seemed self-evidently just and reasonable.

ANDERSON HONORED.

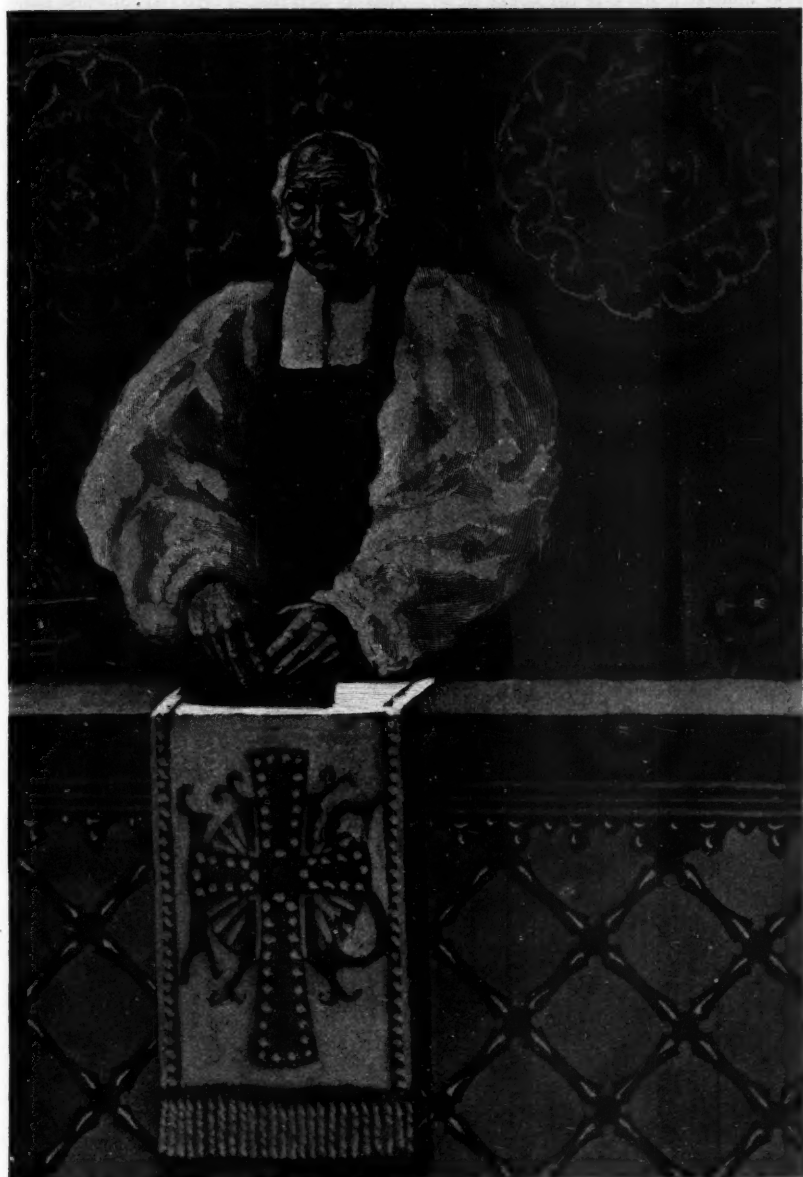
For a few days the Charleston newspapers seemed imbued with the same belief, and the *Mercury* evidently considered it probable that Major Anderson would ultimately give his aid to the Confederate cause.

Under date of April 17, it quoted from the *Richmond Dispatch* as follows:

"They (the Federals) do not deserve to have in their service such an officer, and we earnestly hope, now that he has satisfied the most exacting demands of military honor, he will resign his position in the army of the United States, and enroll himself under the flag which we are sure must have all the sympathies of his gallant and generous nature."

CONSIDERED ANDERSON A SACRIFICE.

Later on, as it became evident that the troops apparently destined for Sumter had gone to reinforce Fort Pickens at Pensacola, Governor Pickens quoted in the columns of the Charleston papers from James E. Harvey to show that the Lincoln cabinet had never intended to reinforce or pro-



DRAWN BY VIC DE A. CHARLES.

"THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, NINETY YEARS OF AGE AND TOTALLY BLIND, WAS LED TO THE DESK AT ST. PHILLIPS AND GAVE THANKS FOR THE CONFEDERATE VICTORY."

vision Anderson, and that the notice of an intended relief, given to Pickens and Beauregard, was really meant to distract attention from the Pensacola expedition, and to hasten the bombardment of Sumter; that the mortality which would inevitably decimate, or perhaps utterly destroy, Anderson's garrison, together with the lowering of the American flag, would excite a desire for retribution and revenge which would overrun and lay waste the South. This view of the case for a brief period increased the popular sympathy with and for Major Anderson, and sharpened the bitter hatred felt toward President Lincoln and his advisers.

DISAPPOINTED IN ANDERSON.

Major Anderson did not long enjoy this exemption from popular dislike, for a few months later, in Kentucky, he thus addressed an appeal to the people of Kentucky: "Rally, then, my friends, around the flag our fathers loved, which has shielded us so long!"

The *Charleston Courier*, later in 1861, thus commented on this utterance: "So says that snivelling hypocrite, Robert Anderson, in his appeal to Kentuckians."

A HERCULEAN TASK.

Early in May Governor Pickens and General Beauregard had already done much to provide for the campaigns, offensive and defensive, which they knew must follow. A regiment of volunteers had been sent to Richmond, and was soon followed by a second, under Col. Kershaw. It was also evident, as the independent companies which had taken part in the siege of Sumter melted away and returned to their homes, that a more permanent and organized force was indispensable to the safety of Charleston and the other coast defenses of the state.

It was an onerous task which was now undertaken by Governor Pickens and the state military department, of which he was the acknowledged head. Men were at first over-plentiful and willing to serve, but everything needed for equipment was to a great extent wanting. It is true that about 160,000 stand of arms had been in, 1859 and 1860, distributed among the Southern arse-

nals by Secretary Floyd; but of these only 10,000 were rifles such as were considered at that era suitable for an effective force. Some 40,000 of clumsy and ineffective breech-loaders, known as the Hall rifles and carbines, and about 110,000 Springfield and Harper's Ferry smoothbore muskets, altered from flintlocks to percussion, made up the balance of this acquisition. Undoubtedly, these were better than none; but, as every soldier of the war knows, they were looked upon as antiquated and clumsy weapons, accepted with hesitation, were often neglected and wantonly lost and destroyed, and necessitated frequent and disastrous bayonet charges when opposed to better arms, or the fire of light artillery.

Still, there were not enough, even of these inferior weapons, and we raised a number of companies who carried their own shotguns, rifles and revolvers or duelling pistols, and made up the lack of bayonets by wearing heavy bowie knives. To these regiments or companies no fixed ammunition could be issued, and accordingly cans of rifle powder, bars of lead, bags of buckshot, and "Eley's" and "G. D." percussion caps were provided by the state. In the camps of our levies men were to be seen casting rifle and pistol bullets, covering round balls with sewed deerskin or greased linen for their long ducking guns and breech-loading smoothbores, or making up cloth or paper cartridges, each of which contained from half a dozen to a dozen buckshot. Shotguns were sawn off to serve as carbines for the state cavalry, and were used in the coast states during the greater part of the war.

DEFENCES AND AMMUNITION.

The principal Southern ports were fairly well provided with defensive works, and, indeed, were as a rule in better repair and more liberally supplied with cannon and ammunition than those of the Northern states. Still, we had few guns to spare to defend the interior sounds, channels and tidal rivers, which at an early period gave to the Union gunboats easy access to the heart of our Atlantic states.

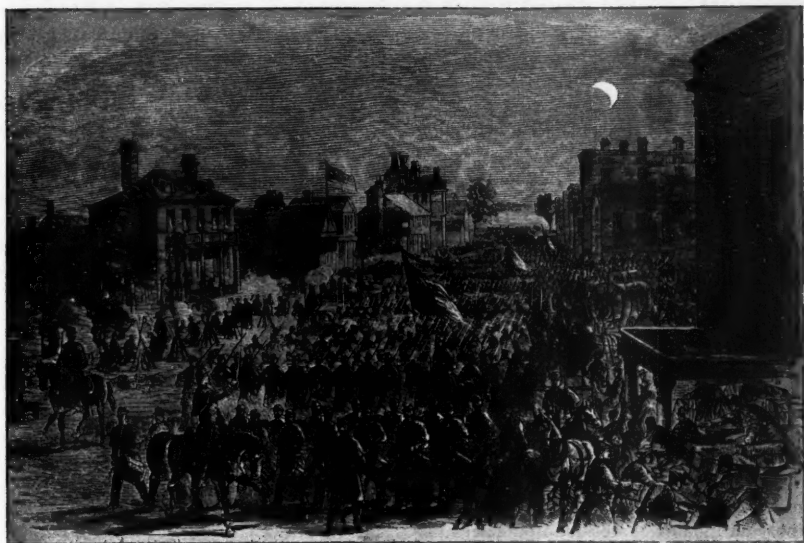
Very shortly after the capture of Sumter a part of the cannon used in the attack were sent to Pensacola; we were asked for a

large proportion of our remaining powder, and details of artillery and infantry went to Virginia. Our local foundries and machine shops began to turn out guns, mortars, shot, shell, grape and canister; sulphur was extracted from the pyrites of Southern iron and copper mines, saltpetre from the earth under ancient barns, and in the caves of Kentucky, Tennessee and other states, and with charcoal from native woods we in time were enabled to make a very large proportion of our own gunpowder.

erate government was transferred from Montgomery to Richmond.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

The early operations in Texas, New Mexico, Missouri, Virginia, and other sections favored us greatly, and the first battle of Manassas set us wild with triumph and delight, although many South Carolinians perished in the latter fight, among them Col. Bartow and Gen. Bee, both of them gallant and generous gentlemen. In



UNION FORCES ENTERING BEAUFORT, S. C.

Governor Pickens and his staff were very busily engaged on these and like labors and investigations from the beginning of the secession movement until May 27, 1861, when General Beauregard was summoned to Virginia, and Col. R. H. Anderson was given command of the Charleston district, comprising South Carolina, Georgia and eastern Florida. Then our labors became even more complex and difficult, as sickness increased among our troops, necessitating the building and equipment of hospitals, and rapidly diminishing the effective force of our hurriedly summoned levies. North Carolina had seceded May 20th, and on the succeeding day the seat of the Confed-

that day we ascribed our victories to the superior courage of our people; but later on accepted a juster estimate of the bravery of our Northern foes. There is no doubt, however, that the cities of the North sent out levies almost or wholly unskilled in the use of arms, and commanded by officers who did not seem to care whether their men were good marksmen or not, so long as they appeared well on parade, and went through the manual of arms in a creditable manner. As a rule, the Southern volunteers were excellent shots, and more attention was paid to effective firing in all branches of our service than was apparent among the Federals until heavy

losses and frequent repulses had emphasized the lesson.

THE CONQUEST OF OUR COAST.

But their earlier defeats did not seem to discourage the people of the North, or the Washington cabinet and its military and naval advisers. The summer visitors of Sullivan's Island and other Southern sea-coast resorts for a time seemed oblivious of threatened danger, but suddenly rumors came of a proposed expedition by sea from Fortress Monroe, and General Roswell S. Ripley, the artilleryist and engineer of Fort Moultrie, was placed in command at Charleston, August 21, 1861. Seven days later came the fall of Hatteras, and the planters of the Sea Islands were beginning to take their negroes from the fields to build batteries and mount cannon and mortars, until, outside of the Charleston forts, over 100 guns were mounted at various points among the islands and along the coast of South Carolina. About 10,000 men and the small fleets under Tatnall at Port Royal and Hartstene at Charleston were ready for service, but of 300,000 pounds of powder bought of the Hazard Mills in Connecticut in December and January, less than 40,000 pounds remained on hand. A very large proportion of the remainder had been loaned or otherwise distributed to Tennessee, North Carolina, Florida and other Southern neighbors. Now, with an invasion imminent, we found ourselves unable to secure ample supplies from the Confederate or any state government.

On September 19, strangers were warned to leave the islands, and forbidden to revisit them. Thomas F. Drayton, president of the Charleston & Savannah Railway, resigned his position a few days later, and went to Port Royal to oversee the preparations for an effective defence, and in October came telegram after telegram, warning us that Du Pont was collecting at Fortress Monroe the greatest war fleet and transport squadron which had ever gathered under the American flag. Newport News, it was said, was crowded with regiments and batteries, ready for departure, and to be commanded by General W. T. Sherman, then an untried leader of men.

We received no material aid from Richmond, but plenty of assurances that we must expect a descent upon Port Royal, where Drayton, at Beaufort, had charge of the defences on Hilton Head Island and Point Walker. General J. R. Anderson, at Wilmington, asked permission of Richmond, November 2, to send us a thousand men and a battery, and received in reply the following, dated November 4: "As soon as Governor Pickens informs you that South Carolina is attacked, you may send him all the aid that you can possibly spare." On the very next day a fleet of forty-one vessels appeared off Beaufort, and both Anderson and General Lawton, at Savannah, were wired to send aid at once.

On the 5th instant General Robert E. Lee had been appointed to command a military department, consisting of the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia and East Florida. General Lee arrived at Charleston on November 8, but Port Royal was already in the possession of the enemy, and our city was full of fugitives.

THE BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL.

It is not in my power to criticise or to diminish the exploits of the victors or the defence made by the vanquished. It is enough to say that, for the first time in history, a powerful fleet of steam-propelled warships, in a wide and unimpeded bay, and with perfectly calm weather and smooth water, attacked in moving column, and winding through a series of ever changing ellipses, two sand batteries which mounted forty guns, served by brave but inexperienced volunteers.

Had the fleet been stationary, the odds would still have been heavy, as the fleet opposed at least five guns in broadside to one in battery, but the acknowledged superiority of a gun on land, as compared with one on shipboard, might have balanced the disparity in number of guns and weight of metal.

But the same tactics which Dewey adopted with success at Manila against Montijo's fleet and the forts of Cavite were also, and first of all, victorious at Port Royal. When the Wabash led Du Pont's frigates and gunboats on that beautiful

November morning, she set the measure and course of a tactical manœuvre which has ever since been accepted as the most efficient and safest ever evolved by a naval commander.

Those who manned the Southern guns and survived to tell their experiences described the hail of shot and shell as something simply infernal. The crash of a broadside, the impact of its shot and the explosion of its shells, the stinging showers of blinding sand and wounding shards and splinters, were hardly over before another broadside flashed from the murky smoke and added its crashing thunders to the dying reverberations of its predecessors, and by the time the last of the fleet had passed the leading vessel was almost in position to fire again. The only wonder was that a gun was left undismounted or a man escaped unscathed; for, in addition to the direct fire of the moving fleet, one or two vessels found and assumed positions from which, while comparatively unexposed, they could rake a part of the batteries and take others in reverse.

As it was, out of some 1200 men, more or less under fire, only 66 were reported killed, wounded, captured and missing; a showing which speaks volumes for the cover afforded the men, and the skill of the engineers who constructed the works.

CHARLESTON THREATENED.

At Charleston there had been for days, intense vigilance, and much alarm and sus-

pense, for the whole coast was threatened, by the fleet gathering off Edisto.

Port Royal, Charleston, Savannah, Fernandina, Apalachicola! which would first feel the fire of that moving column of warships, and the attack of that unwearied army which could so easily reach the outer defenses of either place at a day's notice? To oppose these there were not thirteen thousand men available in South Carolina, and of these at least five thousand could not be used for detached operations, and of the others a large part were but imperfectly provided for a campaign against an enemy having such facilities for striking at points several days' march apart.

It was a relief, when the dull, ominous thunder of the distant bombardments, came up across the network of islands, marshes, bays and estuaries, to know that at last the point of attack had been determined upon, and that, for a few days at least, our troops knew where to expect the advance of the enemy. We did not expect such a sudden and complete defeat, for Beauregard had planned the Hilton Head defenses, and the fire of Sumter had been unable to injure like batteries.

So as we heard the dull, sullen roar and felt the earth tremble under the stress of the distant bombardment, we thought of Moultrie's repulse of the British fleet in the long ago, and hoped that Drayton, De Saussure and Dunnivant, would in their turn beat back the invader.



LOADING COTTON ON A SEA ISLAND PLANTATION.



THE BEAUFORT MARKET IN WAR TIME.

There could be no doubt that Charleston was in grave danger. Sherman had some thirteen thousand men, with an ample force of field artillery, and nothing to impede his progress until nearly within sight of the spires of Charleston. Drayton had about one thousand men but no artillery, and Dunnovent's regiment had lost its arms, overcoats, and in fact nearly everything except the light attire, to which the men had "stripped" in the batteries. The arms and equipments laid aside were shattered and buried in the debris of the forts, even if the men had not been demoralized by the destruction of their guns and shelter.

A CROWD OF FUGITIVES.

Into the city poured a crowd of fugitives from the Sea Islands, the wealthy planters of Hilton Head, Saint Helena, and Ladies' Islands; the magnates and most of the inhabitants of Beaufort and Bluffton; with loads of furniture and provisions, fine horses, blooded stock; and hundreds of negroes of all ages and sexes. Some found quarters in the city, but many passed on with their baggage and stock, to visit up-country relatives, or to seek some more

remote plantation, beyond the reach of Yankee marauders.

It was a sad and yet a stirring sight, for we had long felt certain that Charleston could not escape her baptism of fire, and now everything indicated a combined attack by a superior army, and a formidable fleet flushed with recent victory.

A CRITICAL CONDITION.

When General Robert E. Lee reported on November 9 to J. P. Benjamin, the Confederate secretary of war, he thus summed up the situation at Port Royal as he found it on the evening of November 7: "The enemy, having complete possession of the water and inland navigation, commands all the islands on this coast, and threatens both Savannah and Charleston, and can come in his boats within four miles of this place. . . . We have no guns that can resist their batteries, and have no resource but to prepare to meet them in the field. They have landed on Hilton Head. Their fleet is in Port Royal Harbor. Four of their gunboats are reported to be approaching Beaufort." It was evident from all reports that Du Pont's victory had been complete.

(To be continued.)



Somewhere Within that Sea of Fire

By Albert E. Lawrence

"**H**AVE you noticed it? There's always something on the track here," Parsons said, drawing his head in from the car window and speaking to his companion. "You'll hear the engineer toot his bugle pretty soon."

Parsons was an observing man, given to a strong bias for personal comfort. To promote this, through the hot season he invariably chose the shady portion of the car, which, on the east and west branch of the Detroit & Lake Huron, was always the north side of the train. Had he ever crossed over and looked from the opposite window during the engineer's "tooting" he would not have made the mistake of thinking there was something on the track. For presently there would have shot past him, well down the grade, which was high here, a little white painted cottage, and in the doorway he would have seen a slim figure smiling and waving a handkerchief toward the head of the train. "Gad!" he would have exclaimed with no small pleasure, for Parsons always did at sight of a pretty woman's face; and certainly Marie La Tour's was all of that.

The drummer was mistaken in his prediction to-day. The engine drew its little train by the place of "tooting" in a sort of sullen

silence, and plunged into the shadows of a tall pine forest. No trim figure appeared in the cottage door to wave a greeting this time; for the engineer, Wirt Bathrick, and his sweetheart had had a quarrel.

"It's send Budd away or I'm quit," Bathrick had said to Marie, the angry white patches showing in his grimy face. They had met the day before when he stopped at the watering tank on his trip down. He had stepped out of his cab for a word with her.

"I guess it's you'll quit, then," the girl returned haughtily, and she took a step away from him, making emphatic her independence. Marie had never looked so pretty as now with the color in her face, and the free action of her lithe form, clothed in a gown of becoming tint. "I ain't got no cause to send *Mr.* Sweezy away. Pa, he likes to have him at the house. The company sent him to cut wood——"

"Let him board, then, where the rest of the company's men do!"

"It's too far from his work."

"It's no farther than some of the others go; that's all excuse, Marie. It's just 'cause *you* want him there. I've stood guying from the boys as long as I'm goin' to; an' now it's either you cut Budd Sweezy, or I'm quit. You was over to Frazer's last

night with him! The first thing this morning I heard the boys talking about it loud so I could hear. They don't dare say anything against you, because they know it wouldn't be healthy. But when I'm quit there'll be talk about you behind my back, such as no lady would care to have about her——"

"Stop!" cried Marie, with an imperious stamp of her foot.

Wirt Bathrick heard his fireman return the crane of the water-tank to its place, and the splash of the overflow as it was dashed upon the ground. To talk longer would be to delay his train, and he was already twenty minutes late.

"It ain't one bit too soon for you to quit," Marie continued, her face flushing hotly. "No man that was a gentleman would talk to a girl as you have to me. Mr. Sweezy is a perfect gentleman. You can go—never speak to me again! Here—take this!"

Marie pulled from her finger a ring which Bathrick had given her, and dropped it into his mutely extended palm. He scarcely knew why he accepted it. When aroused, there was something in the girl's manner that always commanded him. Unconsciously he put the ring on his little finger and pushed it down as far as it would go, which was but just below the first joint.

"I'll send the rest of your presents to your boardin' house in Saginaw," she added with constrained voice.

"Keep them—I don't want 'em!" he returned sullenly, as he walked toward his engine.

With his left hand on the lever, Bathrick opened the throttle so suddenly that the heads of all the passengers were thrown backward in a way which threatened their necks. Already he began to realize the folly of his action, and was inwardly cursing himself. The unexpected sight of the ring on his finger sent a pang to his heart. It had stood for a bond between Marie and himself, which, while sometimes causing pain, was yet full of the sweetest, tenderest memories. The situation was full of the keenest anguish; still Bathrick honestly felt that Marie's behavior wronged him, and his pride would not allow him to think one moment of seeking a reconciliation.

On the following morning when he let his

engine fly past the La Tour home without one friendly pull at the whistle cord, he did not give the little white cottage a single glance. Yet his eye, fixed on the shining rails ahead, saw the house and yard, and the railroad velocipede, which Budd Sweezy had borrowed in Nadeau to take Marie to the dance in Oconto. Bathrick's lips whitened, and the line of his mouth grew straight. He wished the machine, with Budd on it, was upon the track before him now. The thought of what he would do caused him to pull the throttle wide open. The mental crime he then committed gave him no small satisfaction for the moment, but before the day was over it became real, and was destined to haunt him all his life. The plunge forward threw Ford, who was firing, upon his face on the tender, where he had stepped for wood. Ford had noticed the engineer's silence in passing the little white cottage, and guessed what the trouble was. As he picked himself up an oath qualified his opinion of a man who would let a woman so break him up.

There was no time for conversation between the two men, even if the noise of the engine had permitted. Bathrick made his fireman hustle to keep steam in the boiler. They were flying along at a speed of forty miles an hour into the face of a wind which, aside from their own progress, seemed blowing a gale. The sky above was veiled by a thin covering of light smoke. As one sniffed the air there was the smell of pine wood burning, which did not come from the fire beneath the boilers of Forty-six.

A short distance above the La Tour place the track turned, and for several miles made directly south. The wind, blowing from the west, brought with it the pungent smell of the burning forest. In a moment the smoke, in the air had increased noticeably, and was pouring in at the car windows.

"Pfew!" cried Parsons, springing forward and closing his window. "I'm mighty glad I'm not going back over this road again to-day. Heaven only knows, though, I may get into something worse. It's terrible disagreeable traveling through this region in the fall. The woods seem to be everlastingly burning here!"

After a few minutes the air cleared some-



DRAWN BY WALTER L. OSBORN.

"IF HE SHOULD BECOME UNCONSCIOUS HIS WILD ENGINE WOULD PASS LA TOUR'S!"

what, and presently the train sped into a clearing. Two men on the boarder stopped working and waved their hats as Forty-six passed. Ford returned their salutation, but Bathrick made no sign of recognition. Nevertheless he had seen the two, and knew them to be La Tour and Sweezy.

Each day for a week the fires had seemed to become more and more threatening. Bathrick was thinking of Marie, and wondering what would be her safest move in case the flames should sweep down upon the little white cottage so alone in the forest. He seemed thinking of her all the time

now, yet instinctively attending to his duties. While apparently pulling the whistle cord for the station of Oconto, he was in reality,—the reality of the mind which is above everything physical,—leading Marie across the Tittibawassee river and along the track to a place of safety. Each curl of the smoke that poured from the black stack before him seemed like a wreath about Marie's head. As he clanged the bell it, too, seemed to say, "Marie, Marie!—Marie, Marie!"

The telegraph operators, as they handed him orders at the different stations, questioned Bathrick in regard to the fires along the road. Serious reports had been brought in, and much anxiety was felt at the head office because of the strong wind which was blowing.

The E. & W. being but a branch road of eighty miles, only two trains a day were run each way. Bathrick took the passenger out at nine o'clock in the morning, and returned with her at five o'clock in the afternoon. A freight followed him each way, leaving about an hour after he did. The passenger was due at the western terminus at noon, and was generally on time, unless some delay was had in starting, because of the express being late on the main line. Two hours later, after having faced about on the Y, the return trip was begun.

Sometimes the freight arrived before they started; but oftener they passed it at the first or second station out. To-day it was even later. As they rolled slowly by at Fairwood, the engineer called to Forty-six: "Bet ye don't get through, ol' man! Woods are all afire!" He tossed his head and threw his arms in a way to include everything. His words had sounded rather jovial, but the expression on his face was grave in the extreme.

At Casco there were no orders for Bathrick. The operator had not been able to get the train despatcher's office for some time. He had just spoken with the operator in Detour, however, and the track was clear to that point. In the absence of any orders, Forty-six was to proceed on its rights; and Bathrick therefore pulled out, after charging the operator to report the fact to Detour.

The sun had scarcely been veiled when

they left Cadillac; at Fairwood it had shone like a great red ball of fire; now it was not to be seen at all. Bathrick was full of anxiety for Marie. Somehow it seemed a great deal worse because of the quarrel which was between them, though that had nothing whatever to do with the peril that threatened the girl. He was irritably impatient to reach the scene of danger, and would have liked to make time, which he could have done had he dared; but behind him was a train-load of people who trusted him, and he knew that it was not safe. But Forty-six was kept up to the last second of the schedule.

As at Casco, so at Detour, there were no orders for them; and they proceeded on their way after calling up the operator at Pine Run, and learning that, so far as he knew, the track was open to that point. At Pine Run the operator told them he had not been able to get the train-despatcher for an hour. The wires were probably down between Oconto and Nadeau; he could get Oconto, but nothing below that point.

Between Oconto and Nadeau! That was where Bathrick had feared the most; that was where the little white cottage stood, alone in its bit of clearing in the midst of the great pine forest. There was every reason to believe the track was clear to Oconto as it had been to the other stations; and hurrying back to his engine, Bathrick pushed on.

Twenty minutes later they were at the station in Oconto. An excited crowd had gathered on the platform to meet them. The air about was almost stifling with its smoke. The passengers and crew rushed from the train anxious to know what prospect there was of getting through. The operator and the station master talked at once. "You can't go any further, Bathrick. The woods are afire on both sides of the track below here! We have just come from a run on the hand-car two miles down, and it's just like a furnace; it's a regular lake of fire!"

"Yes, it's hell!" added an excited brakeman.

Bathrick's face paled a little at the words. He was ordinarily a cool man, but his movements now showed increasing agitation. He glanced down the track in the di-

rection of the burning forest and then about for his fireman.

"Uncouple from the baggage-car, Ira," he called, and the movement of his head told Ford that he meant to run down the track a piece. Bathrick swung himself into his cab, glanced back at the tender to see how they were for wood and water. At that time the E. & W. had not begun to burn coal. As the fireman leaped in beside him the engineer pulled his lever, and Forty-six bounded ahead with a snort. A number of men comprehending the movement, sprang forward to catch a ride; but Bathrick, who had no wish for more company, threatened them with a wetting, and so got away without more followers.

The engineer of Forty-six was fast becoming reckless. Although the locomotive got under headway rapidly, nothing seemed to satisfy the restless spirit at the lever. The exhaust was one prolonged roar out of the stack; the connecting rods had resolved themselves into nebulous patches hovering on the flanks of the great iron monster; the cab rolled and tossed like a cork on an angry sea. The throttle was pulled out to the last notch; yet Bathrick continually tugged at it for more speed, and again and again drew in his head angrily to see why it did not respond to his wishes.

The great gray wall of smoke where the fire raged seemed fairly to push itself forward them. Ford was afraid that Bathrick had lost his head and meant to run the fiery gauntlet. He was on the point of grasping the engineer by the shoulder, with a remonstrance from his lips, when he saw the hand of his chief tighten at the lever and close one notch, then another, then the throttle was pushed 'way in, the wheels reversed and sand applied. In another moment the engine was at a standstill. The two men looked upon the scene from opposite sides of the cab and with widely different emotions. Though the wind blew away from them, the air was filled with a vapor that choked in the throat and stung in the eyes. The roar of crackling flames rose above the panting of their engine. Bathrick's eye, like a hunted animal's, passed up and down the wall of fire; slowly the lines of his face pictured a desperate determination.

"Ira, I'm going through!" he said, returning to his place in the cab.

"Not with my firing!" replied Ford.

"No, I can't ask you to take that risk. I'll do my own firing. It won't be long. I'll pull her wide open, and let her go."

"Don't do it, Wirt," said the fireman. "It's sure death; an' it'll do no good. The girl is probably miles away now, and safe. Don't be a fool, man!"

"No; she wouldn't leave the house till the last minute. She hadn't any idea of the real danger. I hadn't much myself." Bathrick opened the furnace door and began tossing in the wood. "I'm sorry I brought you out here to walk back; but it can't be helped. I'd take you back if there was time, but there ain't."

"You're crazy, Bathrick!" declared the fireman. "A man can't live two minutes breathing that hot air; and it may take you five or ten to cross the burning belt. You don't know anything about how many miles along the track the flames extend."

"It doesn't matter. I'm going. Marie's in there!"

"But listen, man! Those great pines are burning and falling all the time. Supposing one has fallen across the track. It's death—it's certain death! And you can do no good." But his words were no better than words to a deaf man.

Ford waited till the last minute, hoping that his presence would keep Bathrick from his rash purpose. He saw now, however, that nothing would stop him; there was too much method in his madness. The fireman's hand was on his lever.

"I'm going! Jump!" he cried.

Still Ford began one last remonstrance. "I wouldn't do it—" he shouted, but the great wheels began to whirl on the rails, impelled by the force which Bathrick turned full upon them. In an instant they had taken hold, and Forty-six bounded forward. Seeing the uselessness of any further endeavor, the fireman reluctantly sprang from the cab, leaving his chief to the fate that seemed certain.

When Ford picked himself up and regained his bearings, Bathrick and his engine had disappeared behind that lurid wall which seemed to mark the end of all things in the east.

As soon as he was under way Bathrick seized his coat, and, retreating to the tender, plunged it into the water, wetting it through and through. When he felt the first hot breath on his face he drew the dripping coat over his head, pulling it tightly about his nose and mouth. One night in an impenetrable fog his head-light had gone out. Now, as the dense yellow smoke swallowed him up, blinding his eyes with its stinging pain, he was reminded of that; but this was infinitely worse.

There was no looking ahead in that murky atmosphere. Had he been able to keep his eyes open he could not have seen a rod beyond his pilot, and at times the very smokestack was shut from view. It was a terrible risk he had taken; but he scarcely realized that. Marie's life was at stake. In a few moments she might be enveloped in this very furnace.

The flight of his engine sucked hot cinders and blazing bits of limbs into the cab. Bathrick first noticed it by a burn on his arm. His mind was abnormally active; things never seemed clearer to him. Although his eyes were blinded so that he could not see, he calculated his position along the road with surprising accuracy. He felt his engine when it struck the curve, and knew that it was making northward; this knowledge was corroborated by the apparent change of the wind; before he had been following it; now it blew right across his path. The heat in a moment seemed doubled in its intensity. Bathrick felt the wet coat steaming about his head. He wondered how long he could stand the heat and this strain upon his nervous system. He believed the flames had not yet reached the La Tour home; yet there was nothing more than his hopes to found this belief upon. He began to fear that he might outride the fire and be so exhausted at the end as to be of no assistance. If he should become unconscious his wild engine would pass the La Tour's; or it might become a source of real danger, and in the smoke and confusion run them down as they fled along the track.

Bathrick groped his way back to the tender and felt for the water-tank, that he might again wet the coat about his head. There was a soreness in his chest that

alarmed him, and his temples were throbbing painfully; now and then his head seemed in a whirl, and there were moments when he almost forgot himself.

He found the water at last, and forced the coat beneath its cooling surface; then he sprayed his face and neck. One instant he glanced ahead before covering his face, and the sight which met his eyes appalled him. A dull angry streak of fire lay right across his path. There was no time for thought before his engine struck it; Bathrick saw his smokestack go flying away; then came a jar which seemed to shatter his cab and filled the air all about with live coals. He guessed what had caused it. A tree in falling had caught in the branches of one on the opposite side of the track and hung suspended in the air, where it was slowly burning. Bathrick thought the end had come for him. The shock flung his body forward upon the cab floor, where it rolled and tossed with the motions of his engine. He supposed Forty-six had left the track, and expected the next thing to feel her toppling upon her side. Yet somehow it did not seem to matter to him now. All alarm had suddenly taken flight. The engineer experienced a soothing, gliding motion; everything seemed going delightfully well; and a smile came to his lips as consciousness left him.

Bathrick's engine, however, had not left the track. The tree which it struck was burned so nearly through that after carrying off the smokestack, the blow of the cab broke it in two. Outside the smoke grew denser, but at the same time the flames seemed lessening. Eleven minutes had elapsed since he parted from Ford; in that time his engine had come over ten miles.

The smoke along the ground seemed to be lifting now; Forty-six had at last passed beyond the fire. Presently the road turned sharply at the curve a few miles west of the La Tour home. It was down grade, and the wild locomotive tore along like the wind. She struck the curve with terrific force, throwing the body of the unconscious engineer from one side of the cab to the other, swayed and toppled; for the smallest fraction of a second she seemed to pause as if considering the advisability of leaving

the rails; then righted herself and sped on. Bathrick's head and shoulders hung outside of the cab door. The wet coat had been torn from its place, and the wind blew in his exposed face, tossing the hair in heavy, damp locks about his brow.

Slowly the fresh air brought life and reason back to the engineer. He opened his eyes as one waking from a sleep; started as if it were a nightmare that had disturbed him, then tried to rise, like one recovering from an illness. The whole situation returned to him in a wild rush of emotion; and with a desperate effort he reached the lever and his accustomed place on the right side of the engine. With one sweep of the eye he took in the landscape. Smoke, thin and blue, floated over the ground; above, where the wind prevailed, it rolled away in thick masses, yellow and threatening. Not more than twenty rods away in the hollow to the right of the track lay the La Tour home. Bathrick shoved in the lever and applied the brake.

Great bits of wood from the burning forest, borne to the spot on the wind, were dropping all about. Red and yellow tongues of flame were beginning to leap upward from the roof of the house. Bathrick leaped, slipped and rolled down the embankment. The door of the La Tour home stood open, and he rushed in, crying "Marie! Marie!"

There was no answer, though he hurried from one room to another, calling as he went. The house was quickly searched, and in despair the engineer returned to the open air. In the yard he met Marie with a little bundle in her arms. She had just left the place, but hearing his engine had returned.

"Thank God!" Bathrick exclaimed, springing toward her; "you are safe!"

"Oh, Wirt! how could you get through? Where is the rest of your train? Have you seen Pa and Mr. Sweezy? I didn't think you would try it! Isn't it all afire along the track? Why, Wirt, *you are afire!—you are all afire!* Here! and here! and here!" and the girl began crushing out the smoking spots where cinders had fallen upon his clothing.

Bathrick's head troubled him. Things were no longer clear as they had been. The

mention of Sweezy's name made him angry; he trembled and knew not why.

"Come! We must hurry, or we shall be burnt up here!" he said, pushing her toward the track.

"But Pa and Mr. Sweezy—" she began.

"They are safe—beyond the reach of the fire!" he returned, shortly, drawing her up the grade in the direction of the railroad.

"What is the matter, Wirt?" she called, her alarm renewing itself on seeing the stack gone from his engine. "Why, your cab is afire! See—on top! Hurry!"

Bathrick threw water on the burning places. Forty-six was a sorry looking sight. With such evidence before her, Marie's imaginative mind easily perceived all that her lover had come through.

"Oh, Wirt! And you did it for me—after all that I have done!"

"That's all right, little girl," he said, or rather groaned. He was trying to think what to do next; and all effort, whether physical or mental, was becoming painfully hard for him. He felt the necessity of keeping up. A glance at the gauge showed how low the steam was getting, and he turned to put more wood on the fire.

"Let me fire for you," Marie said, throwing open the door under the boiler; and seizing a great stick from the tender, she pitched it in upon the coals almost as skillfully as Bathrick would have done it himself. He was glad she could do this, for every time he stooped it seemed as if he must fall unconscious to the cab floor.

"You can't make her go at all, can you?" she asked, once more viewing the dilapidated condition of Forty-six.

For answer he released the brake, opened the throttle, and the wheels began to turn, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. Marie looked back toward the fire, and her home, which was now in flames, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Good-bye, little home!" she murmured, with emotion. She had come very close to Bathrick, and stood looking over his shoulder, on which she rested one hand. The quarrel between them had not been without suffering on her part also; and because she felt to blame for it, Marie was willing to abase herself in a measure as a punishment. But her actions were all prompted by an

overwhelming assurance of Bathrick's love.

Now the forest shut out the painful scene they were leaving. Marie turned, and with her head near Bathrick's, watched the track down which they were speeding. His great hand with their engagement ring pushed half-way down the little finger rested against the window casing. The girl saw and placed her smaller white hand upon it. Her fingers toyed with the ring. They were both conscious of the part it had recently played; and when his eyes, full of love and painful remembrance, met hers, she drew the ring from his finger and slipped it back upon her own. A pretty blush accompanied the act. The engine made too much noise for words, but words were not needed. Marie's manner plainly asked his forgiveness, though she trembled at her presumption. But Bathrick covered her confusion by catching her about the waist and pressing his lips to those which were dearer to him than life.

Despite her crippled condition, Forty-six had been making fairly good time. In the collision with the burning tree, however, the whistle-pipe had received some injury which caused a leakage from the steam-chest. Since starting again this had grown rapidly worse, and now Bathrick noted with alarm the steady dropping of the steam-gauge. The grade was in their favor till they should reach the Tittibawassee, but that was only two miles away, after which there was a steady climb of ten miles to Nadeau, and Bathrick began to fear they should not be able to make it. As he looked out anxiously before him, again and again he pressed his hand to his forehead. The joys of a reconciliation with Marie had not stopped the pain in his head nor helped him to think more clearly.

Now with a rush Forty-six flew out upon the trestle that spanned the river. Scarcely had the hollow echo over the water died away before the engineer felt the forward pressure of his body, which told him they had struck the up-grade. He was using every pound of steam, and though the fires

beneath the boiler never burned better, the gauge continued to drop and the wheels of his engine turn slower and slower. Every mile since making the turn to the east had brought an atmosphere less and less impregnated with smoke; and on this side the river, happen what might to Forty-six, they were comparatively free from danger.

The moment the great drivers ceased to turn Bathrick applied the brake that they might not go rolling back down the grade. He had explained to Marie the meaning of their slackening progress, and lamented that they might have to spend some time there or proceed a-foot to Nadeau. The girl accepted the situation with a laugh, and was puzzled because her lover continued to look so pained; they were not yet free from danger, and Bathrick knew it. The strain was too intense. When he realized that old Forty-six could not move another inch he fell back on his seat in a dead faint.

Far towards the east the track lost itself in a point on the horizon. Now the point became blunted, and, though imperceptible from moment to moment at longer intervals, the blot could be seen to grow larger. Presently a white cloud shot into the air above; afterward a prolonged screech came vibrating down the track, rose and fell, and lived as an echo in the forest when the white cloud had blown away on the wind. A special had put out from Saginaw and was bearing down upon them.

Marie, frantic over what had befallen her lover, was seized with a new terror, for it seemed as if they would be run over before she could drag the unconscious body from the cab to a place of safety. But it was succor and not danger that was approaching, as she perceived in the slackening speed of the special, which came to a standstill, with its pilot almost touching that of Forty-six.

A serious illness followed Bathrick's hot ride; but, thanks to a rugged constitution and Marie's faithful nursing, he came through it all right, and now he tells of how he found his life in a moment of danger somewhere within that sea of fire.





VERDI'S to Greeling AMERICANS

ra wings by Albert F. Schmitt

By C. M. Cottrell

IT was in the last days of July that a small party of Americans were "doing" the sights of Genoa, the Superb, under the protection of a guide who spoke Italian excellently, French passably and English execrably. We had done the town "to a turn." Its harbors and palaces, churches and campo santo had received our royal republican-imperialistic approval, and as becomes all good Americans, we had paid our visit to the statue of the great Genoese discoverer. But the lamentations of our guide were long and loud that we could not see the pride of Genoa—*Il Maestro*.

Our regret was the keener because, while Verdi ordinarily was not to be found in Genoa except in the winter, he had returned at this time to attend the dedication of some public work in a town a few miles out of the city. As we could not see the original, the guide decided that we must at least see the unfinished bust of Verdi, and for that purpose took us to the studio of the sculptor. It was the last day of our stay in Genoa, and we were returning from the studio and strolling through the "Street of the Palaces" with that condescending "Oh, it'll do—What did it cost?" air which Americans adopt when traveling through effete monarchies, when our attention was suddenly attracted to a coach coming toward us, with a shouting crowd accompanying it. Before we could fully understand the meaning of the shouts, the carriage stopped directly in front of us, the door opened and there stepped out from it an old man with a happy smile on his face, and we heard our guide cry "*Ecco il Maestro!*"

Il Maestro could hardly have devised a more dramatic entrance to our notice had he planned it in advance, and we unconsciously formed a picture which would have been the delight of the most exacting stage manager. One lady, an accomplished musician, was so affected that the tears came to her eyes, and, clasping her hands together, she exclaimed: "Oh, this is the happiest day of my life! I have seen Verdi!" The old gentleman noticing the emotion of the lady, took both of her hands in his left, while with his right he gently patted them. Whereupon, feeling that she was now well acquainted with him, she turned and said: "These are my friends; they are Americans." The maestro slowly raised his hat and answered in French: "I am always glad to meet Americans," and then looking at his enthusiastic admirer, he added: "Or anyone who loves music." Another tip of his hat and a benevolent smile, which I found hard to reconcile with the pugnacious, cantankerous character which I had always attributed to him, and he had entered the palazzo and disappeared forever probably from the view of his American admirers.

What has most astonished the critics in Verdi's latest work, "*Falstaff*," is that at an age when usually mind and muscle have acquired a "set" which renders friskiness impossible, he has given us a work overflowing with mirth and jollity. Such a work could only have been composed by one at peace with himself and the world, and all lovers of the *Maestro* will say that he richly deserves all his blessings.

His life certainly is a blessing, both to himself and to his contemporaries. His winters are spent in Genoa, where he lives in the Doria palace. The rest of the year he lives at Sant 'Agata, the name of his country residence near Busseto. Here he lives the life of a country gentleman. Here he is always glad to receive his friends, provided they agree not to "talk shop." Music is tabooed as a topic of conversation.

Although he was elected a member of the Italian Parliament, and in 1875 appointed a senator by Victor Emmanuel, he never took his seat. He has a horror of notoriety. After the performance of "Falstaff" the news reached him that he was to be made Marquis of Busseto. He sent a telegram to the Minister of Public Instruction which read: "My gratitude will be far greater if this honor be spared me."

It was the proper thing for many years to sneer at Verdi as a "musical blackleg." It was a Greek orator who, when he was loudly applauded for something which he had just said, asked: "What foolish thing have I said thus to obtain the applause of the people?" So, for many years it has been thought patrician-like to furnish for the people something which they could not enjoy or understand, and, *presto! voila!* a classic!

One of the chief claims of Verdi to the gratitude of his contemporaries is that he has not been a musical Calvin or Jonathan Edwards. From him the lover of music, who is not a dissector, has heard no anathema against the only kind of music which was pleasing to him. On the contrary, Verdi's virtue or sin is that he has catered to that taste.

Oh! these musical sentinels who draw an unswerving musical dead line and who stand armed with two-columned Krag-Jorgensens ready to annihilate any one who dares to pass a toe over their chalk-line! What a magnificent target Verdi has been furnishing them to shoot at.

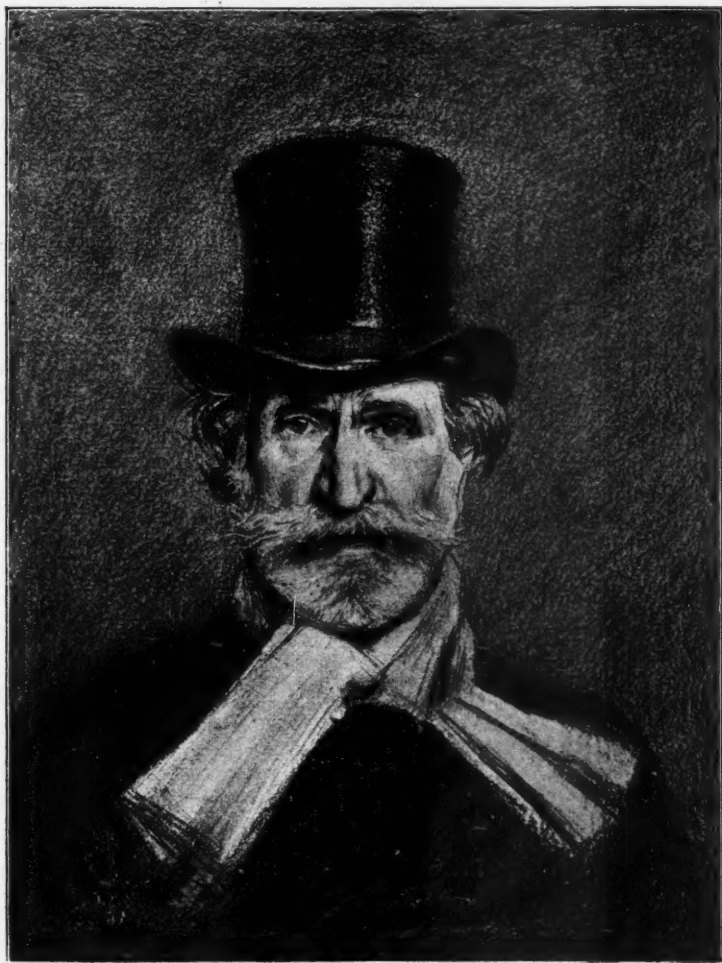
I seldom finish reading the life of Verdi without figuratively patting myself on the back as a representative of the age which has honored itself by giving to the living the meed of its praise. It is seldom that a genius who has been attacked and vilified as Verdi has lives to hear his own

praise from those who attacked him. It is true that Verdi has ever been provided with a double armor, which in a measure must have protected him from these attacks, viz., the frantic appreciation of his audiences and a substantial reminder of that appreciation in the form of a magnificent income.

Giuseppi Verdi was born in the little village of Roncole, near Busseto, about seventeen miles northwest of Parma. The stereotyped description "of poor but honest parents" is particularly applicable to him, his father having been the village inn-keeper. Anecdotes of Verdi's early life are not wanting. His predilection for music is illustrated by his thorough neglect of his duties as acolyte or altar-boy until his attention was called to them and from the organ music, to which he was listening, by being kicked down the altar stairs by an impatient instructor.

At the age of ten he had been graduated as altar boy, and was organist in the little church of Roncole. The cathedral town of Busseto seems to have swarmed with musicians, and Verdi was fortunate in attracting the attention of a merchant named Barezzi, who was of great assistance to him. Verdi's first known teacher was Provesi, the organist of the Busseto Cathedral. The aptitude of the young student was such that his friends felt that he must be given greater opportunities for study. Through the intercession of Barezzi, the Monte di Pietà, an institution which granted premiums to young men undertaking the study of science or art, allowed 600 francs (\$120) for a two years' course of study at the Conservatory of Music in Milan.

We can imagine with what bright hopes the young student started for Milan in 1831, but it will be more difficult to appreciate the feelings of the boy who was rejected by the examiners on the ground that he showed no special aptitude for music. He however, stuck to his determination, and began to study with Lavigna, one of the members of the orchestra of La Scala theatre. For two years he studied incessantly, when the death of Provesi called him back to Busseto. In consideration of the favors granted to him by the people of



AFTER THE PAINTING BY BOLDINI.

GIUSEPPI VERDI.

Busseto he had agreed to replace Provesi in case of his death.

In 1836 he married the daughter of Barrezi, and two years later he returned to Milan. He entered into an agreement with Merelli, the impresario of La Scala, to compose three operas, the first of which was produced in 1839, under the title of "Oberto, Conte di S. Bonifacio." It was fairly well received, and he began on the second one, "The Proscritto." He had ad-

vanced very little on the score when Merelli ordered him to compose for his Vienna theatre a comic opera. While at work on this, during the space of a little more than two months, he lost his wife and two children. It is not surprising that a comic opera composed under such circumstances should be lacking in its principal requirement, and "Un Giorno di Regno" was a fiasco.

Heart-broken and despondent, Verdi



BUSSETO CATHEDRAL WHERE VERDI WAS ORGANIST AT TEN.

begged Merelli to release him from his agreement. With much reluctance the impressario did so, but later he prevailed upon Verdi to read the libretto of "Nabucodonosor." In 1843 this opera was given in Milan, and was Verdi's first success. During the next ten years the Maestro produced sixteen operas. Most of these are no longer in vogue, but "Ernani," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" are still favorites.

The popularity which Verdi acquired from his music was greatly increased by the struggles which he had with the authorities before the production of each new opera. The Austrian dynasty, then ruling in Italy, maintained a rigid censorship over literature and art, and compelled authors to change their librettos. Verdi, with an obstinacy for which he is famous, fought every change proposed, and generally ended by retaining something which was a patriotic cue to the populace. Certain choruses and arias in "I Lombardi," "Ernani" and "Attila" were applauded and encored in a

manner which was interpreted as a political manifestation against the Austrians.

When Verdi proposed to utilize Victor Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse" as a libretto, with the title of "La Maledizione" (the Curse), the censor refused to allow the sacred character of Francis I. to be represented in such an unflattering light; neither would he allow the title to be used, no doubt claiming that all cursing should be done by properly constituted authority. The librettist, Piave, was ready to cede, but Verdi refused, claiming his full right to curse, and no doubt he did so with volubility.

The situation was saved by one Martello, a commissary of police, who advised that for the character of the King the Duke of Mantua be substituted, and even suggested the title "Rigoletto, the Court Buffoon."

In 1853 there was produced in Rome the opera which is perhaps the best known of all the Maestro's works—"Il Trovatore." As the most popular, it has also been the object of the most violent attacks. Yet of all the operas which I have heard, I think I owe to one performance of "Il Trovatore" the rarest moments of enjoyment. Some years ago, in company with a friend, I made a trip from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz on a tramway, now no longer in existence. The motive power for the greater part of the distance was gravity, but some tiny mules were attached to the cars to pull them where necessary. The relays were stationed at very short intervals, and the speed at all times breakneck. Especially so on the steep grades, where the mules were on a keen gallop, with the

whiffletrees knocking against their hocks, in spite of their utmost efforts to keep ahead of them. The bracing mountain air filled us with exhilaration, and one felt that then and there life was certainly worth living—the more so as I momentarily expected to see the mules stumble and fall, derail the car and smash the frail vehicle into smithereens.

After a trip of 225 miles, we arrived in Vera Cruz, fatigued and hardly in a condition to do justice to anything except a bath tub and a table d'hôte. Consequently when mine host informed us that "*Il Trovatore*" was the opera that night, we decided that bed was preferable to listening to that opera. A desire to see the "four hundred" Vera Cruzano, however, induced us to change our minds. The company was of the class that our critics are so continually calling for and so regularly and unanimously damning when it appears. An evenly balanced one, with no flaming Vesuvius towering above some neighboring Mt. Tom. The members of the company were perhaps a little passe and no longer

admired in their native Italy as they had once been. But time, which had played havoc with some of their voices, had in a measure compensated them with experience and the tact to gloss over their shortcomings. The conductor was a wonder, and had the whole company under command. Better still, they were singing to an audience that was wholly in touch with them, and responded quickly to every effort.

The applause, which had been crescendo during the performance, reached its climax in the last act at the end of the solo "*Di quella pira.*" When the tenor struck the high C the house rose. The shouts of Bravo were deafening, and the singer was almost buried under an avalanche of offerings from his admirers. Sombreros, cloaks, fans, canes, rings, gold onzas and lesser coin came from the orchestra seats, while the gallery gods contributed like mementos of lesser value; and one man scaled his hat up in the dome, as if he were trying to hang it on the high C which the tenor had sent up there. My friend and I, while retaining our covering and jewelry, looked



THE BIRTHPLACE OF VERDI AT BUSSETO, NEAR PARMA.

in each other's eyes, and while we were less demonstrative, our enjoyment was perhaps no less than that of the others.

Ah, ye hypercritics! Had the composer of "*Il Trovatore*" done nothing more than stir the souls of that one audience well had he merited the title of Maestro.

"*Un Ballo in Maschera*," produced in 1859, was the next brilliant success, and again brought Verdi into a struggle with the authorities. The work was to have been called "*Gustave III.*," was to be produced in Naples. At that time news reached Naples of the attempt of Orsini to assassinate Napoleon III. The censor decided that the assassination of Gustave on the stage would not be a good object lesson for the people, and demanded that the plot be changed. Verdi was inexorable. The manager of the San Carlo Theatre began a law suit against Verdi for 200,000 francs indemnity. The people, learning the cause of the dispute, supported Verdi, and every time he appeared in the streets he was followed by thousands of excited Neapolitans shouting "*Viva Verdi!*"

This cry was particularly exasperating to the authorities, as they recognized the treasonable meaning hidden in it, but yet were powerless to stop it. It was, in fact, an Italian version of the old Jacobites who drank the toast to the King with the glasses over the water. Verdi spelled the name of the composer, but the capitals stood for Vittorio Emanuele, Re d' Italia (Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy). Thus, while doing honor to their musical god, under the cover of his name they were also shouting for Italian independence into the very ears of Austrian sentinels. A chronicler of the time says: "The streets were filled with placards in white, red and green, the Italian colors, with Verdi in such big letters that nothing else was visible on the posters."

The excitement became greater day by day, and so great and virulent was the animosity between the different parties that the authorities, fearing a revolution, were glad to let Verdi leave Naples with his libretto under his arm.

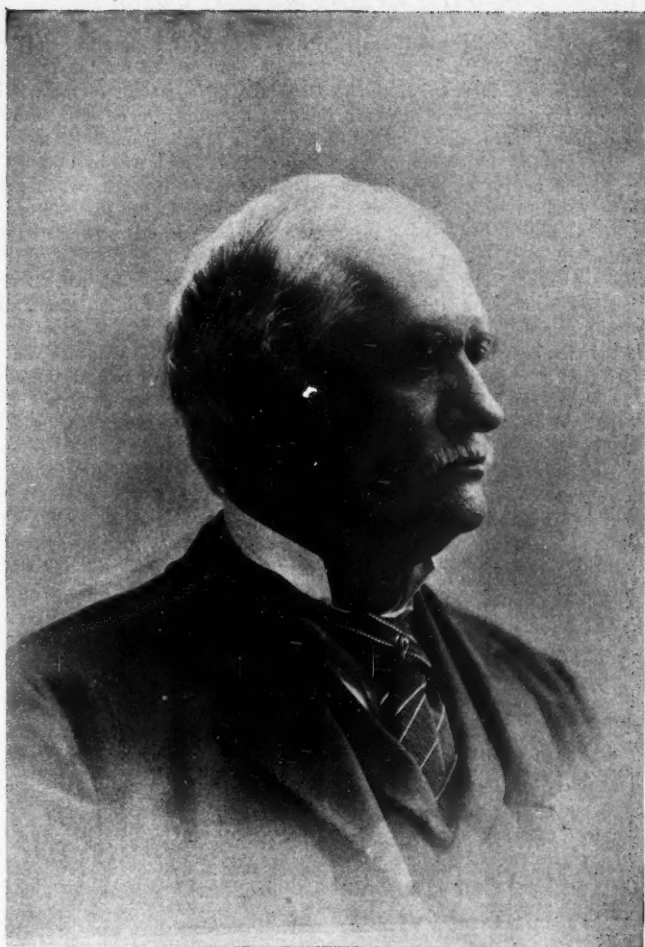
"*La Forza del Destino*," produced in St. Petersburg in 1862, and "*Don Carlos*,"

produced in Paris in 1867, were only moderately successful. Verdi's next opera was composed under a commission from the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pacha, who desired a work of a local nature. The subject was proposed by the learned Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, and by the terms of the agreement Verdi received \$10,000 before he commenced the score, while an equal sum was deposited in Paris to be handed to him in exchange for the completed score. "*Aida*" was produced in Cairo in 1871, and was hailed as a masterpiece by the leading critics of Europe, who had flocked to Cairo to be present at its first presentation. Its subsequent productions in the leading cities of Europe confirmed its first success, and "the musical blackleg" became, in the opinion of even his former detractors, the great maestro and head of the Italian school.

It was sixteen years before another work of the Maestro was heard, when "*Othello*" was produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1887, achieving a signal success. In 1893, when the Maestro was eighty years old, appeared his last and, in the estimation of some, his greatest opera, "*Falstaff*." Upon its first production at Milan the author led the orchestra and directed the performance.

It is as the musician and man that Giuseppe Verdi would be remembered. At his bier there will be no cries from the party on the "opposite benches" that he would have sold out his country; no neighboring nation will offer as its testimonial a wreath of sculls; nor will there be a breathless college of cardinals, fearful that the three taps of the silver mallet on the cranium of the dead pope and the three calls, Gioachimo! Gioachimo! Gioachimo! may awake him and prevent the announcement, "The Pope is dead." May this grand old man live many years with the assurance that when he shall pass away there will be nothing but the kindest remembrance of him and the sincerest regret.

There is interest in the recent assertion by Verdi that young Mascagni, the composer of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," would prove his successor as the head of the Italian school.



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN OF ALABAMA

OUR DUTY IN THE PRESENT CRISIS ?

BY SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN

THE present hour is crowded with great events and opportunities that require our thoughtful and courageous actions.

The recent tour of President McKinley through the South and his speech at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee, is a notable and pleasing event in American history. The

Georgia demonstration following so close after the signing of the treaty at Paris carries with it a significance that is very impressive.

The President's speech has done much to cement the unity of the North and South, which the politicians have long tried to prevent, and has opened questions which

must be met and solved, at some early period. The proposition of throwing open the National Soldier's Homes to disabled and infirm confederate veterans is not only an act of kindness but of sheer justice. The taxes that sustain these institutions comes from all the people of the United States and why should they not be opened to soldiers of American blood who are at least entitled to recognition as exponents of American valor. The government does not hesitate to extend this policy toward aged and crippled Indians, and has gone still farther toward the right purpose in the treatment of Spanish prisoners. Compare the treatment of the bands of Jeroninia—the Arizona Indians,—whose hands are stained with the blood of innocent women and children, with that of the confederate veterans. This Indian Chief taken prisoner by Gen. Miles and carried from Pensacola on to Mount Vernon, Alabama, with all the consideration of a guest, is now sustained by the government with supplies of food and clothing and treated with kindness.

For one I am not in sympathy with a movement toward pensioning confederate soldiers at large, but I do believe the aged and infirm veterans are entitled to the benefits of our benevolent institutions. There is no portion of the country that has enjoyed such a remarkable degree of prosperity under the most unfavorable and disheartening circumstances as the South, since the war. And I believe this is due largely to the self reliance and energy which has been developed by a lack of government subsidy in the way of pensions.

Pushing the pension rolls is detrimental rather than fostering to aggressive prosperity. With the subsidence of sectional feeling, so long kept alive by designing politicians, we may now look forward to a more equitable and just consideration of the claims of the South. The recent war has tested the loyalty of the South, and their patriotism has not been found wanting. Events of the past few weeks have demonstrated that a new era, an evolution, if not a new demand of duty is to occur in our national life.

If the Nicaragua canal had been built in 1860, it is most likely that there would have been no civil war. This water way would

have provided a solution for the race problem—an outlet for the proper expansion and development of the colored people as a distinct race. The South fought against a political injustice and a social degradation which was necessarily included in shutting us in with our negro slaves, by their emancipation for political reasons, and to give political power to the North. This would not have occurred if the Pacific coast has been assessable to the slaves from the South, who would have taken the places afterwards supplied by the Chinese coolies. We cannot disguise the fact that with all the educational advantages offered the negro, as evidenced, and so highly complimented by President McKinley, at Tuskegee, we have not entirely met the question. True these same lines must be followed, in good faith and with diligence, but we must go still farther. Educated negroes are today thronging the country with aspirations thwarted and the avenues of social equality closed to them. The American people, North as well as South, will not throw open the family and social circle with the specter of negro domination staring them in the face. How many colored men are railroad and bank presidents or leaders in white society, or prominent in business, or legislative functions? This is not a result of local prejudice, but a settled condition quite as true in the North as in the South. The spirit that developed in a Baptist Church in New Jersey, recently, denying the same baptismal pool to blacks as to whites is a feeling plainly discernable and frequently and openly expressed. It is not in the power of man to prevent these social antagonisms, or to remove their cause. Already they are a menace to the peace of the country and a cause of deep dissatisfaction in the volunteer army.

The question of expansion, or imperialism, or whatever it may be called, involves the race problem, as well as the provision of opportunities for coming generations to fulfill the functions that are a part of the foundation principles of our government. The great expanse of unoccupied territory once so inviting in the West, no longer offers the same opportunities for the energies of young Americans. Our generation has enjoyed the benefits of all this

and some who have shared these blessings, insist that we stop short in the fulfillment of a duty we owe, not only to ourselves and coming generations, but to humanity as well.

The building of the Nicaragua canal and the protection of territory already under the American flag will give an opportunity for the negroes to find an outlet for the educated energies that are now being supplied in American institutions. The negro will eventually find his way back to the East as sure as the South turns to that course, and there he will find all the enjoyments of liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the land that God gave him. When they shall have received the benefits of free institutions and a government in which the negro is dominant, which can exist only in Africa, we will have done our whole duty toward them—and not till then.

The experiment in Liberia is not a fair illustration, for the reason that it has not fully imbibed the American idea, and it has been left alone to its fate, with no valuable assistance or support. The Liberians have, notwithstanding, made remarkable progress and advancement, a great deal more than is realized in this country. It is a progressive Republic and the natives there are being educated to the idea of liberty regulated by law. In Congo, the situation is entirely different. That is the great missionary field of the American negro. There the American negro has an opportunity to bring into usefulness his educated and progressive faculties, and his possibilities are measured by his capacity.

In establishing these Eastern outlets for the colored people it does not necessarily mean the banishment of negroes from the United States. Far from it, it merely offers a settlement of the race problem without placing it under the ban of compulsory enactment. It means a natural solu-

tion of the question. We have placed an embargo on Chinese immigration to protect American labor, and if the same danger arose from Chinese domination in the North as from black domination in the South there would be no further question or argument as to the evil or the remedy. Dear to every American is his home and family. That is the very essence of Americanism. But the negro is now and always will be under the ban in securing the opening of the social sphere to his admission, which, after all is a vital factor in civilization and indispensable in a republic. Therefore, in justice to the nobler aspirations and the higher ideals which have been nurtured in the negro through education, do not give them a theatre where they have no chance of success, when turned adrift on the world with a diploma. The real work is the only begun, and, in a country where the negro could maintain and hold all of the advantages of social life and public distinction, as dear to them as to ourselves, the first and essential steps are to be taken toward a complete realization of the purposes of such institutions as that at Tuskegee.

These questions are all correlated and the light is dawning upon the greater and nobler possibilities of our nation. We cannot selfishly wrap ourselves in a shell and maintain a position of indifference to the future of these people. The welfare of more than one race, the destiny of more than one nation, depends upon the executive and legislative action of the United States during the coming year and it is eminently fitting, at the beginning of the new year, with the glow of a greater prosperity dawning upon us, that these problems should be met in a rational and courageous manner entirely befitting the heritage and the influence we enjoy.





"Red Rock."

IT is something we regret being obliged to confess, but Mr. Page is not at his best in his new book, "Red Rock." His greatest success has been with short stories; he has not as yet caught the organic art of building up a long sustained narrative with its right relations as to parts. In "Red Rock" Mr. Page stumbles badly in the beginning, and his progress is painfully slow. He devotes a large amount of unnecessary space in forcing upon the reader the fact that the men and women of the South at the time of which he writes were characterized by a great deal of high breeding, chivalric feeling and beautiful manners. Truth to tell, this is something we have always been very well aware of, and if we hadn't we could quite as well have read it between the lines. The course of the story at the beginning is also blocked by irrelevant detail matter that tires annoyingly. This delay once over, however, Mr. Page catches delightfully the right pace, and makes up for it all by strong finish. The book itself is sub-titled "A Chronicle of Reconstruction," and fulfills its purpose primarily by giving us in the background of events an account of through what social and financial straits the South had to pass after the Civil War. The time was a propitious one for romance, pathos and hard fact, and the author of "Marse Chan" has taken full advantage of the opportunities offered. Many things have been said or suggested in this story that would have

been impossible when the fervor of that period was at its height, but now that time has softened largely the sting, the novel can be read throughout the land in its true character, as an entertaining narrative full of the afterglow and thrill of a great war. Everything about the book is distinctively American, and as it concerns itself with one of our national epochs it will beyond question last as a permanent historical novel in American literature. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Adventures of Francois.

THERE are few authors whose books are so cordially welcomed by the better class of readers as those of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. By the better class of readers, I mean those people who are not satisfied with mere froth, and who prefer stories either founded on fact, or else with some degree of probability about them. There are stories which amuse and interest us, but leave no particular impression on our minds.

It takes ability to make a brilliant and effective story founded on any noted event, and to draw in skilfully historical personages, about whom we have learned much from the sterner pages of history. It is an art which few truly possess, or, at least, excel in. Such a book is "Francois, the Juggler," the story of a thief in Paris during the revolution. As a thief we cannot blame him, as a juggler he amuses us, and as a man we admire his nimble cleverness

of mind and body. They make altogether a most unique and picturesque character, who alternately excites our wonder and curiosity. Dr. Weir Mitchell has as usual given the characters a most appropriate setting. Relatively speaking, he is the same to fiction that Corot is to painting, in so far that he places before us bold, impressive pictures and strong subjects. He is never commonplace, his standard is high, and he never caters to a morbid taste for the purely sensational. Francois is, I think, the most interesting book for the general reader this author has yet produced. Like everything he writes, it is essentially a character study, but one quite out of the ordinary run, and that of itself is a treat. He also has given us a spherical view of this thief, juggler and fencing master, which adds a sense of completeness to it. The author needs no eulogist, as he has yet to write a poor book. Published by Century Company.

Helen Ashley Jones.

"The Red Axe."

THIS new story of Mr. Crockett's runs red in more than its title and cover design. A facetious reviewer might call for carmine ink with which to write his critique. Characters in the narrative die in exceedingly great numbers, and die terrible deaths. The author in his style leaves little, however, to be either desired or imagined. He keeps us constantly in the atmosphere of a Spanish inquisition. Someone has said that he began the story by dipping his pen in gore, but to better serve his purpose he shortly threw the pen away and picked up a broad, stout brush. It is possible that some will not find this exaggerated. Certainly there are places where the reader will be apt to wince; at the howls, perhaps, of Duke Casimir's hounds, as they tear the human flesh with which the hero's father, Hereditary Justicer to the Dukes of the Wolfmark, or public headsmen, as we would call him, keep them constantly supplied. Crude romance that the book is, there are, however, some slightly redeemable aspects to it. There is a pretty love story running through its pages, and it merits to some degree the distinction of being "semi-historical," although most of the scenes, we should imagine, were laid

in the dim light of fancy. Mr. Crockett must do better than this if he wants to reach for a higher niche. Published by Harper Bros.

"The Story of Gösta Berling."

WE have brought suddenly upon our horizon a new author, who is perhaps about to do for Sweden what Sienkiewicz has done for Poland and Russia. At any rate, Selma Lagerlöf in "The Story of Gösta Berling," has given us a work that breathes the very life of those harsh Norwegian people. The book is made up of short stories, all containing the same characters. The scenes are laid at Värmland, that ruggedly beautiful spot in Sweden, with its fickle lake, its undulating plains and its dark, mysterious forests. The priest, Gösta Berling, with rare achieving powers, falls from grace, and tries to drown in brandy the troubles of a hard existence. He is dismissed from his parish, and wandering away, goes through a savage life of it. The turn comes finally when he meets and marries a woman who recalls him to his best self, and together they bend to the task of helping the poor, spending the rest of their lives in noble effort. In this way the redemption is accomplished of one who was in fair way to be hopelessly lost. The book is stern and strong in every respect; Miss Lagerlöf deals with the carnal passions, and she paints with a sweeping brush. And yet beneath the surface runs a fineness of perception and a deep, soft, human touch that makes the reading of the stories a keen pleasure. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

"Famous Singers."

A RECENT volume of the above title, by Mr. Henry C. Lahee, finds its fitting place in bookdom as a concise, working biography on the famous singers from the establishment of the Italian Opera down to the present day. The majority of the personalities included are opera singers, but in a few instances oratorio and concert singers of exceptional celebrity have been mentioned also. The book is considerably more readable than the average biography, because its compiler has caught the effective treatment of interspersing his biograph-

ical matter with rich incident and anecdote. For this reason the pages at times read more like a story that is told.

Beginning with 1600, Mr. Lahee sketches rapidly the musical history of the world down to 1800, devoting his attention then to the period from Paste to Mario, and then to Tietiens. After that comes a narrative of the Prima Donnas from the early fifties to the present date, this being followed in turn by chapters relating to Tenor, Baritones, Contraltos and Bassos. The volume is completed by a chronological table invaluable for student purposes. Published by L. C. Page & Co.

"Hope the Hermit."

BACK into the latter part of the seventeenth century Edna Lyall carries us in her last novel—to the times when Papism in England was threatening the supremacy of the established church. Papists were springing up in large numbers all over the country, and to suppress them, violent measures had to be called into existence. It is a description of this suppression and of the growth of the new belief that the author of "Donovan" has used as a background against which to throw a most engrossing narrative. This narrative is partially in the form of Michael Derwent's personal recollections, and partially the author's narration. Michael Derwent is a foundling, who grows up a sturdy young English lad of Papal tendencies and an inclination to love a girl of higher birth than himself. The troubles that ensue are enough in number to furnish Miss Bayley with material for a very spirited tale, and the telling of it has lost nothing at her hands. Human interest sufficient has been introduced to give balance to the mere narrative portion of the book.

"The Road to Paris."

IT is an admirable quality in a writer to meet the expectation of the reader; if he is intent on mere adventure, to make them as thrilling as possible, and to so whet the appetite of his readers for things in that line that even a huge mouthful will slip down easily. But it is a conceit of Mr. R. N. Stephens, in his "The Road to Paris," to trick the imagination to a be-

lief in the, if not impossible, at least improbable. He has commenced the story with well-known facts connected with the American Revolution, but after a few chapters launches out regardless of everything but adventure. It may be readily inferred that the book is crowded with incidents which follow each other in rapid succession, arousing after a while the curiosity of the reader as to how Mr. Stephens is going to extricate his hero from his dilemmas; we feel assured several times that his end "draweth nigh," but not so in this. The author considers our already harrowed feelings. We are glad and relieved, when, after the young man taken a captive to England, and surviving numberless experiences, accomplishing so many hairbreadth escapes, marries the girl he loves, whom he meets again in Germany, and makes up his mind to embark for his beloved America. Mr. Stephens has a plausible way of telling an improbable thing—exciting the imagination and holding the attention of the reader, which is perhaps all that can reasonably be demanded in a book of this character. Published by L. C. Page & Co.

Helen Ashley Jones.

"Cartagena."

THERE are many historical novels on the counters of the bookseller to-day, but most of them deal with epochs which have already been canvassed pretty thoroughly by the historian, the magazines, and often by poets and novelists of much greater ability than those who deal with them to-day. Such is not the case, however, with the author of "Cartagena; or, the Lost Brigade." Mr. Charles W. Hall, who has with great and particular research gathered from the pamphlets, journals and public records of the middle of the eighteenth century, recovered the story of that Colonial brigade numbering about five thousand men, levied by the then loyal American colonies to aid Admiral Vernon in his attack on Cartagena in 1741; his attempt on Santiago de Cuba in 1741-42, and a later attempt to colonize the island of Roatan, or Rattan, off Honduras, in 1742.

Cartagena, now the principal seaport of the South American republic of Colombia, was at that time the chief stronghold of

Spanish power in South America, a walled and fortified seaport, with hundreds of cannon on its ramparts and outer fortresses; and the fleet sent to attack it numbered over six score men-of-war and transports, carrying an army of nearly fifteen thousand men. The story of the gathering of these fleets and forces at Port Royal, Jamaica; of the siege, bombardment and capture of the harbor defences of Cartagena, and the final and disastrous assaults on the city itself are told with a faithfulness to dates and details which have never before been given to that important historical event.

These details are interwoven with the personal adventures, trials and sufferings of certain American and English officers and "gentlemen volunteers," who served in the Massachusetts, Virginian, Maryland and other contingents and transport service, and who perished in the expedition or were of the very few who survived its disasters and fatal service. These form a real romance, full of interesting and exciting adventure, incident and information, and centre in the life story of one Stephen Hay of the company of Dr. George Stuart, or Stewart, of Boston.

In it are depicted the home life, loyalty and religious feeling of the New Englander of that period; the courage, traditions and superstitions of the Christianized Indians, then by no means an insignificant people; the romance of buccaneer and privateer life; the unsatisfactory relations which existed between British officers and the American levels, and the jealousies, intrigues and more sordid ambitions which baffled the hopes and almost destroyed the forces of the great expedition. "Cartagena" is an attractive and well printed book of 572 pages. It has already been well received by lovers of historical and genealogical research, as well as by those who delight in exciting adventure. Published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

"An American Cruiser in the East."

THE above is the title of a new book on Japan, Corea, China and the Philippines that has just been written by John

D. Ford, fleet engineer of the Pacific station, now with Admiral Dewey. It is the record of a peaceful cruise, covering a period of some six years, on the Pacific and Asiatic station, in the U. S. S. "Alert." The Secretary of the Navy approved of its publication; thus, it may be expected not to reveal diplomatic or naval secrets, but will rest for popularity solely as a story of travels. The book is written in simple language for the benefit of the people who may not travel, but who wish to know how other people live, think and act, as seen through the eyes of an officer in the American navy. Mr. Ford on entering the navy years ago was assigned to duty on board the "Richmond," of Admiral Farragut's Gulf squadron, October 11, 1862, and has continued in the engineer service to date.

The book will awaken genuine interest throughout the English-speaking world. The descriptions of the natives of Manila, Corea, China, Japan, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska are personal and attractive. The book contains six hundred pages of text and one hundred and fifty excellent illustrations. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

"The Standard Bearer."

M R. Crockett's new romance, "The Standard Bearer," accomplishes two very distinct things, the first being a rather charming little love-tale of the seventeenth century, the second being a picture of the Covenanters of that time, the latter serving as a background for the former. Although the story concerns itself with a previous century, the manner of the telling is distinctly modern. A novel of adventure in every respect, it commands one's constant interest by reason of the activity of its scenes and its characters. In some quarters it has been criticised as being unduly sentimental in its tone but this is not true. The book in every regard is entirely worthy of the pen that gave us "The Sticklet Minister" and the "Lilac Sunbonnet." There can be no doubt whatever as to Mr. Crockett's place in coming third in the group of Scotch writers after Ian Maclaren and Barrie.



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Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every reader of 'The National Magazine' should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER.

First Prize: Mrs. N. P. Trumbull, Stonington, Conn.

Second Prize: Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Third Prize: Miss Fannie Phillips, 3942 Forest Park Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Fourth Prize: Miss Marietta Matthews, 122 Austin street, Worcester, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Literature.

1. John Milton (1608-1674), author of "Paradise Lost," a poem in blank verse, the greatest epic in the English language. He also wrote a number of minor poems of equal beauty, including "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso" and "Comus." Milton distinguished himself as a writer of treatises in favor of the commonwealth and principles of civil liberty.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680), author of "Hudibras," a satirical poem, written after the Restoration, and designed to burlesque the republican and over-zealously religious party which had recently held sway.

John Dryden (1631-1700), a poet and dramatist by profession, who flourished in

London for many years after 1660. Dryden (called by his admirers "Glorious John") is chiefly renowned for his poems, among which are included "Absalom and Achitophel," a satire; "Year of Wonders" and "Fables," "An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," which last is now better known than all of his other poems; he also translated "Virgil's Aeneid" into English verse.

2. It was "The Game of Chess," printed by Caxton, 1474; Caxton translated or wrote about sixty different books, all of which went through his own press before his death, in 1491.

3. Sir Richard Steele (1675-1729) was an Irishman by birth, who became popularly known in London as "Josiah Dick Steele." He organized the "Tattler," 1709, and afterwards the "Spectator," 1711, in both of which works he was ably assisted by Addison. Steele possessed great fertility of invention as respects incidents and characters, and his papers abound in inimitable touches. "The Review" was a literary and political periodical, started by Daniel Defoe in 1704, and continued for about nine years. It was a precursor of the periodical essays afterward issued by Addison, Steele and Johnson.

4. A poetical satire in heroic verse by

Alexander Pope, the first three books of which were published in May, 1728, and followed in 1729 by another edition. The fourth book, or "New Dunciad," was a severe satire on inferior Grub street poets and pretenders. Pope's verse is exceedingly fluent, and he shows an acute knowledge of human character.

5. The first real Encyclopedia, or Dictionary of Universal Knowledge, was that of Ephraim Chambers, published in 1728, and often reprinted until superceded by the later Encyclopedias.

Art.

1. It is thought to have been greatly promoted by the frequent public exercises and games which were calculated to develop the best proportions in the human form; also to a high sentiment of generation for the gods and the wish to represent them in the highest style of art. Hence the elegant sculptures of god and goddess in marble to place in groves and temples.

2. Phidias lived in the time of Pericles, a ruler of Athens, who employed Phidias to embellish that city, and in the works of this artist sculpture attained to the sublime in execution. His most famous works were the "Olympian Zeus," or "Jupiter," at Ellis, and the "Athene," or "Minerva," in the Parthenon at Athens. The nude parts of both figures were in ivory, the draperies in solid gold and the eyes were precious stones.

3. An eminent sculptor who flourished about 360 B. C. named Praxiteles. Under him and his contemporary, Sysippos, sculpture was at its height of perfection in point of execution. But their conceptions were less chaste and noble than those of Phidias. The Faun of Praxiteles is in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, and suggested to Hawthorne the idea of his "Marble Faun." His "Cupid," called "Eros," is in the Vatican gallery of statues, and his "Dancing Faun" is in the Uffizi gallery, Florence.

4. Albert Thorwaldsen, an eminent Danish sculptor, born at Copenhagen, 1770. His principal works were executed in Rome. The best known of his productions is a magnificent frieze of great length, representing the "Triumphant Entry of Alex-

ander Into Babylon," executed by order of Napoleon 1812, as a decoration for an imperial residence, the Imperial Palace, in Rome. He died 1843.

Antonio Canova, born in 1757, was a modern Italian sculptor, noted for his many fine figures in the Greek style. He was very successful in the business of his profession, and organized a system of reproducing his models mechanically, which enabled him to do a vast amount of work. Among his most celebrated products are the "Perseus of the Belvedere," the "Venus" at the Pitti gallery, Florence, which stood on the pedestal of the Medici Venus when the latter was taken to Paris, and "Cupid and Psyche" of the Louvre. He died at Venice October 13, 1822.

5. A celebrated Greek statue in the Museo Nazionale, Naples. The demigod is represented undraped, leaning on his club. The bearded head is somewhat small and the muscular development prodigious. It dates from the early empire.

General.

1. Through the early Christians, whose custom or methods was to affix (to their names) the sign of the cross, which custom our illiterate to this day keep up by signing a cross for their mark when unable to write their names.

2. So called from the bulla or capsule of the seal appended to the document. Subsequently the seal was called the bulla, and then the document itself.

3. (Figures of women). Casya, in Arcadia, sided with the Persians after the battle of Thermopylae, in consequence of which the victorious Greeks destroyed the city, slew the men, and made the women slaves. Praxiteles, to perpetuate the disgrace, employed figures of Casyan women, with Persian men instead of columns, to support entablatures and roofs.

4. Benjamin Franklin was minister to the Court of Louis XVI. from 1776 to 1785, and was concerned in promoting a treaty of alliance between the United States and France, by which the independence of the colonies was assured.

5. The Franco-Prussian war, through Bismarck, who was the creator of German unity, and who in 1871 became the first

chancellor of the German Empire, and was made Prince Bismarck.

NOTES.

William Caxton, while in Flanders on a diplomatic errand for Edward IV., acquired a knowledge of the new invention of printing, and executed the "Recueil des Histoires de Troyes," by Raold le Fevre. In 1474 he set up his printing press at Westminster, near the Church of St. Margaret, and the first book printed there was "The Game of Chess."

Miss Lillian C. Dillet answered the fourth literary question very clearly and interestingly. "The Dunciad," or dunce epic, a satire written by Alexander Pope, to revenge himself upon his literary enemies. The plot is this: Erdsden, the poet laureate, being dead, the goddess of Dulness elects Colley Cibber as his successor. The installation is celebrated by games, the most important being the reading of two voluminous works (one in verse and the other in prose), without nodding. King Cibber is then taken to the temple of Dulness and lulled to sleep on the lap of the goddess. In his dreams he sees the triumph of the empire. Finally the goddess, having established the kingdom on a fine basis, Night and Chaos are restored, and the poem ends.

While it is true that the Chinese early in the fifteenth century had compiled an encyclopedia; that in 1469 a Dominican monk had prepared one that was printed at Strasburg; in 1630 Johann Heinrich Alsted had one printed in Germany; a Universal Lexicon was published at Basle in 1677, and in Venice, also, one appeared early in the same century, still it is true that the first Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary of Art and Sciences was edited by Chambers.

While the body of Canova rests in his native place, Possazno, Italy, his heart is preserved within a splendid monument at Venice, in the Church of the Frasi, directly opposite the tomb of Titian.

Mr. William P. White's answer relative to Thorwaldsen was clear and exact. It was as follows:

"Bertel Thorwaldsen, a Dane, one of the greatest modern sculptors, died in Copenhagen, and left the greatest part of his for-

tune for the purpose of building and endowing a museum in that city. He also left to fill it all his works of art and the models for all his sculptured works, a large collection. He is buried in the courtyard of the museum, under a bed of roses."

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

Literature.

1. In "Coriolanus" there occurs this stanza: "To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned his brows bound with oak." To what custom does this refer?
2. Who was called the "Leviathan of Literature"?
3. Why was Christmas Day once called "the day of new clothes"?
4. Why is the letter Y called the "Samian Letter"?
5. What is the story of Charlemagne's ring?

Art.

1. What do colors signify in painting—blue, yellow, white, red, violet, etc.?
2. What is the history of Raphael's "Madonna of the Pearl"?
3. What are the symbols of the Evangelists, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Matthew and St. John?
4. What famous Italian artist died at Amboise, France, and is buried there? How came he at Amboise?
5. What is the story of Michael Angelo's "David," and where is it now?

General.

1. Why is Scotland Yard, London, so called?
2. What was Symmes' Hole?
3. Why is Cape Horn so called?
4. What was the origin of the saying, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do"?
5. From what comes the word "silhouette"?

PRIZES FOR JANUARY.

First Prize: "Caleb West: Master Diver." By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Second Prize: "Prisoners of Hope." By Mary Johnston.

Third Prize: "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." By F. P. Dunne.

Fourth Prize: "The Fall of Santiago." By Thomas J. Vivian.

PUBLISHER'S

DEPARTMENT.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ACCORDING to the rare old custom a publisher is privileged, in the January issue, a word about New Year's and a retrospective and prospective glance: "The National Magazine" owes its splendid success for 1898 to the loyal subscribers who have never flagged in their interest and enthusiasm in assisting to build up a new periodical. For the coming year it is perfectly safe to assume that the publication will be brighter and better than ever. As we have seen desk after desk added to our force and room after room taken to accommodate the growth of the business, it has not only yielded a source of supreme satisfaction, but emphasized again the potency of the people to make and unmake great enterprises. The tendency is for producer and consumer to come closer, despite conditions that would appear to indicate a growth of stolid corporate indifference. There is one fact to be proud of,—we have yet to record a discontinuance of a single subscription, and every renewal brings with it some kind word of encouragement. Let this close relationship continue and keep on. Write us concerning the articles and features you most appreciate in the magazine, as well as those you do not fancy. Let us be frank and honest with each other, and keep aglow the warmth and radiance of the Yule log!

VERY well-balanced individual is more or less pious at some interval, and has a well-defined taste for sacred things. This fact has been indicated in the success of the various articles on biblical characters published in "The National Magazine." If tracts were handsomely illustrated and entertainingly written, they would be popular sellers on trains and news-stands. How often has the jest and vile story in club or smoking room

faded away when someone turned the conversation on sacred things! The average man or woman loves to have serious and thoughtful moments of repose in the busy cycle of everyday life.

THE February number will contain a number of exceptionally strong articles on questions of national importance by prominent members of the Senate and Congress, one of them being a reply to the article by Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain on the Anglo-Saxon alliance. At no period in a decade past has interest in congressional opinion been more keen than at this time, when a revolution of ideas on legislative and executive function are taking place. The present year will mark a decisive departure in the ideals of a republican form of government. One hundred years ago our republic was declared a hazardous experiment, a solitary and tottering test, but it has remained for this "tottering test" to tower among the powers of the world and take a lead in the fundamental principles of government. If our forefathers were equal to accomplishing all this, are we to shirk the task of solving the newer but equally momentous question of providing Cuban and Filipino with the benefits of the institutions we enjoy? Imperialism does not mean necessarily that our new possessions should be made into states and admitted to full citizenship between sessions of Congress, but an autonomous form of government under a bond or protectorate, that will give these people all the rights and privileges of the newer civilization made possible by our own country.

IN pursuance of the suggestion of a subscriber from Idaho, supplemented later by a number from Iowa and Nebraska and a number of western states. "The National

Magazine" is haying a very careful and elaborately illustrated article prepared on "Cyrano de Bergerac" and its author, M. Rostand, to appear next month. This play has been one of those positive dramatic and literary events of the year, and some of our subscribers want us to acquaint them concerning it, which we cheerfully do. The author has witnessed both the original production in Paris and Mansfield's rendition in English. Now, have you any further suggestions to offer?



ANOTHER year will soon unfold itself to us. The great mystery that surrounds the future is, after all, only the veil of Hope. A retrospect of the closing year in the light of merely balancing books is by no means satisfactory. Those who look upon the progress of the twelve-month merely as a measurement of financial gain do not get the full meaning of life. And yet decry it as we will, there is nothing else that affords such complete and sure protection as money. Small wonder, then, that the young man in the full vigor of youth should struggle for a competence which alone furnishes an indemnity against helplessness and old age. And yet what a dangerous doctrine to hold up to the youth of our land! It is always an appropriate New Year resolve that everyone has to be better, purer and loftier in ideals, realizing the real emptiness of life without at least a sense of soulful satisfaction in having been of some practical, unselfish good to other persons in the world besides himself.



LETTER writing has been lamented as a lost art. We are asked to delve into volumes of long, tedious, descriptive, "edited" letters to prove that a well written letter is these rushing days is quite unknown. This is simply an error incident to the idiosyncracies of the age. Letter writing is to-day an art more than it was fifty years ago. The only difference is that in our time space filling egotism is tabooed. Words are now marshalled concisely to say precisely what is intended as briefly as possible. The beauty and sentiment of life is not altogether lost in the abbreviated system of communication. The demands of

the world, the individual duties increase each generation, and more is required for any stated achievement as compared to the past. The present generation must absorb and retain the wisdom of their fathers, and yet push on to newer and greater things. The letters received by the publisher of "The National Magazine" each month are conclusive proof that letter writing is not a lost art. Several of the letters reviewing the December issue are marvels of critical conciseness. They commend with judicial discrimination, pointing out the strong and weak points of each article in the Christmas number as it impressed them individually. It is these kindly and candid letters that stimulate effort in maintaining fixed and lofty ideals. The December issue is voted the best number ever issued by "The National Magazine," from the trend of letters received.



POPE long ago assured us that "The proper study of mankind was man." And there is possibly no branch of literature so stimulative and inspiring as biography. The keel of an ambitious career is often found in the absorbing interest taken by youth in famous and noted men, and he intuitively observes that "we are the same that our fathers have been," and that the incidents and impulses which bring forth the world's admiration are all laid pretty much on this same keel. Boats are as old as Noah's ark, and yet the keel is nearly of the same pattern in the swiftest cruisers of to-day. The fundamental principles of floating a craft have never changed since waters came upon the earth. Consequently there is always a lively interest in biography, and especially in the career of living celebrities, for we can, to an intelligent degree, sympathize with their life purposes more than in those of previous generations. If the world has progressed in the past century in appreciation of genius, the advance in education whets the capacity for discerning it. This January issue of "The National Magazine" may be called in some respects a biographical number, and we venture the belief that it will meet with popular approval.

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